WORDS ON WELLINGTON

THE DUKE—WATERLOO—THE BALL

BY

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It was at the Funeral of his brother in th
Chapel, when I was a boy at Eton.

When the Duke received the news of Lor
Wellesley's death, he closed the letter, sayin
"There is a great man gone": he then retire
from the breakfast-table: and did not reappea
during that day. I believe that this happene
at Walmer.

Lord Wellesley had expressed an injunctio
in his will that he should be buried at Eto
This, in itself, was a pathetic incident. Th
man of surpassing intellect, the brilliantl
successful Statesman felt, we may assume, th
his earliest associations were the happiest, an
wished to lie in the place where his sense
enjoyment had been keenest. The usual Mornin
Service was held previous to the Funeral; an
at this were present, probably for the first tim
all the brothers: the head of the family lay i
his coffin: his brother Lord Maryborough wh
by Lord Wellesley's death, had become Ea
of Mornington; the Duke of Wellington; th
Rev. Gerald Wellesley, and Lord Cowley s
together in Upper Stalls: that is, on th
Provost's side; the boys, who usually sat the
having left them vacant for the occasion. T
coffin on trestles was placed in the central ai
of the Chapel. At Morning Service, chor
which was not usual. Lord Mornington's an
phonal chant, composed by the father of th
illustrious family, was used for the Psalms. T
Pall-bearers were Lord Henley; Lord Belgra
now Duke of Westminster; the Earl of Darnle
Lord Burghley, now Marquess of Exeter: Lo
Dunkellin, (dead); and Lord Robert Cecil, n

Marquess of Salisbury After Morning Prayer the Funeral Service followed Always impressive, that beautiful composition never can have been more so than on this occasion What associations crowded on the mind I cannot imagine any of the boys insensitive enough and I think none were not to be deeply moved by what took place No one who was there could ever in the course of his life have forgotten it The coffin was slowly moved towards the grave, which was near to the steps rising from the antechapel into the chapel and to the west of what was then the organ gallery

At the conclusion of the service the boys filed out We passed to the right of the grave, and though many years have elapsed I can see now the Duke standing alone on the left side of his brother's grave, looking down into it His upper lip quivered This I observed distinctly and his arms were folded The boys descended to the school yard, and thence into 'Long Walk', taking it for granted that the Duke would come out that way It would, of course, under such circumstances have been unseemly to cheer him and yet what Eton boy that ever saw him did not long to do so? I calculated that he would do all he could to avoid this, and my surmises turned out to be quite correct Going down into the school yard with the rest of the boys, instead of turning into 'Long Walk', I passed through Lower School passage, turned to the left, and waited alone near the door of Chambers close to the gate of Weston's yard In a few minutes, as I expected, the Duke emerged alone, having

Chapel through the Upper School, the Flogging-room, down the stairs, into the Head-master's Chambers; and thence out. He at once stepped into one of Dotesio's crimson britzskas, and drove off to Slough; no boy, but myself, saw him. I ought perhaps to be proud of having circumvented even the Great Duke.

The following Latin lines are an Epitaph written by Lord Wellesley on himself and placed in the hands of his old friend Dr Goodall, for many years Provost of Eton.

> Fortunâ rerum que vagis exercitus undis
>   In gremium redeo, serus, Etona tuum:
> Magna sequi, et summæ mirari culmina famæ,
>   Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
> Auspice te didici puer: atque in limine vitæ
>   Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
> Siqua meum vitæ decursu Gloria nomen
>   Auxerit, aut siquis nobilitaret honos,
> Muneris, Alma, tui est: Altrix da terra sepulcrum!
>   Supremam lacrymam da! memoremque mei.
>
> WELLESLEY.

Kingston House,

January 5, 1842.

> Tossed on the stormy waves of Fate,
> Eton! I seek thy breast, though late:
> To hope to climb the heights of Fame,
> To tend of classic lore the flame,
> 'Twas here I learned: and, in Youth's days,
> To seek the paths of honest Praise.
> If Glory shines upon my name,
> Eton! to thee I owe my Fame:
> Of thee, sweet Nurse! one boon I crave:
> May Eton weep above my grave!
>
> W. F.

I was told by the 2nd Duke of Wellingto an interesting circumstance in relation to th picture. I mentioned to him what the Duk of B. had said; and he replied "Well, I thin he is right. The one thing my father was vai of was that he was the only man, to whom th Sword of State had been given, who was abl to carry it upright. Everyone else, the swor and scabbard being very heavy, 'sloped' it o the right shoulder: my father carried it upright and he insisted upon Sir Thomas Lawrence paint ing him doing this. Sir Thomas did everythin he could to persuade him that, as a matter o Art, this would never do; that the portrait o a man perennially carrying a heavy sword from his wrist would eventually fatigue persons looking at the picture; in short it was against all the canons of Art. After long disputes Sir Thomas affected to give in; and he has painted my father, who still held to the point, with his right elbow apparently resting on a cushion. If you look closely at the print, you will see that his arm does not rest upon the cushion; but this can only be discerned by minute examination."

The Duke had a large hand and a very powerful wrist. I have a note on this subject from the 2nd Duke, which I may add later in relation to the sword worn by the Duke in all his battles.

The origin of a term rather frequent when I was at a private school has not, I believe, been traced. A very common form of derision in the streets was "*What a shocking bad hat!*", applied generally, as usual, when undeserved.

The origin was this When the first Reformed Parliament met, the Duke went to the Bar of the House of Commons, to inspect them Expecting of course, to be questioned, and knowing that his words would be repeated, the Duke was ready for the inquisition when asked, on walking back to the House of Lords, what he thought of the new Parliament, he evaded responsibility by replying "I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life Hence the popular saying

During my Parliamentary life, I have always observed that the hats and boots of M P s were far inferior to those of the average of mankind In the first Parliament in which I sat, the only man really neat in these respects was Sir Benjamin Hall I think Disraeli came next

I believe that the practice of wearing the hat, as of that of the Peers sitting by command when the Queen reads her speech, originated, as these things do, in good sense Were it compulsory on the Peers to stand, or on M P s to sit bare headed an easy and safe insubordination might be shown at any time, by the latter covering themselves, or by the former sitting down unbidden

Marvellous as a compilation of good sense as are the Duke s Dispatches, they are, in addition, models of style Whether he wrote in English or French, and in the latter he wisely avoided idiom, they show his clearness of mind, and admirable powers of expression 'Le style c est l homme and in no one was this more conspic

nous than in the Duke of Wellington. The following was given to me by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson of the Guards.

The Duke on one occasion wished a bridge to be constructed, or something of a similar kind, the duty of the Royal Engineers. The Officer, after examination, reported to the Duke that it could not be done. The Duke was displeased; and sent for another officer, a young man, attached to another Division of his army. This officer performed what the Duke desired. The Duke put the following in 'Orders': 'He who in War fails to do what he undertakes, may always plead the accidents which invariably attend military affairs: but he who declares a thing to be impossible, which is subsequently accomplished, registers his own incapacity.' His splendid clearness of intellect gave him the power of expressing himself clearly: and, numerous as are his writings, hardly one can be found, the meaning of which is doubtful.

No greater tribute could be paid to the lofty honour of the Duke than that shown by his enemies. Before the Battle of Orthez, the bridge over the Gave de Pau, had been passed by the French army. The Duke sent a note to Marshal Soult, saying that a battle would, of course, take place on the following day; but that, as it was desirable in the interests of the inhabitants of Orthez not to destroy the bridge, he promised that, if Marshal Soult would abstain from blowing it up, no soldier of the British army should cross it. Soult trusted him: and

the bridge as to this day [illegible] start. My [illegible] Sir James Fraser was at the time a [illegible] in the 7th Hussars, which formed [illegible] Picton's Division. General Picton [illegible] the regiment and said "surely [illegible] Hussars can find the way [illegible] there must be a ford." My father [illegible] with a detachment of men [illegible] and under fire discovered the ford and [illegible] it, the Division traversing the [illegible] manner later. It was at [illegible] Duke of Richmond serving [illegible] the 52nd, received a bullet which [illegible] his body until his death.

I remember a remark of the same Duke [illegible] Richmond some years ago at Gordon [illegible] I thought it a wise one. He said [illegible] nonsense about Lord Nelson being imprudent in wearing his stars at Trafalgar. [illegible] because the man believed him to be Lord Nelson but, seeing him walk up and down the quarter-deck, without a sword, and giving orders, he knew that he was a person of importance. I may point out here that the stars were not, as now, hooked on to the uniform by a brooch pin, but were in those days worked on the coat and formed as much a part of the uniform as the embroidery on the collar.

Passing through Orthez some years ago and naturally feeling very much interested [illegible] the following incident occurred which I venture to give in its most condensed form.

DA-SHEALLADH

(Second Sight)

At Orthez, one hot Summer's day,
When passing o'er the dusty way,
That flanks the Pyrenees,
I stopped an hour; 'La Bonne Hôtesse'
The Inn was called: the Inn's mistress
Wished, smilingly, to please.

"The room where the Great Duke reposed
Pray show me". Quietly she unclosed
A door: "'Twas there he lay".
"'Twas 'mid the storm of shot and shell
That on your feet at Orthes fell,
The morning of the fray.

"Which is the cupboard, where the dish,
Left by the diligence behind,
Furnished the hero's supper?"
"Here, Sir, [illegible] forgive surprise!"
"'Twas on this shelf" ("Why, Sir, my eyes
You open widely") "the upper."

"'We do not come to do you harm',
He said: then took you by the arm,
I think it was the left".
"Sir has not numbered thirty years:
Of speech, so wondrous this appears,
I vow I am bereft."

"Nay, more than this, Madame, I know:
The day he crushed his country's foe,
When hot from Toulouse fight
He bought for you a grey silk dress,
Which now your daughter does possess,
And sent it the same night."

"'Tis true, Sir, all that you have said:
But how the Past you thus have read,
Ere parting, tell me, pray!"
"To me a second sight is given:
A Scotsman I". "[illegible] Heaven!"
"Madame, a most good day!"

chèvaux gris! comme ils travaillent" said Napoleon: and well he might.

I remember at a ball at Lord Wharncliffe's house in Curzon Street, Madame Brunnow, for many years the Russian Ambassadress in London, appearing with a sort of pink velvet semicircular cushion on the top of her head; in which many diamonds were fastened. The Duke immediately walked up to her; and kissed her on both cheeks. The old lady looked extremely delighted. I heard someone say "Madame, vous ne rougissez pas?". She replied "Au contraire! J'en suis fière". The Duke, with his stern sense of duty, and total disregard of what ignorant people thought, walked on; and Madame Brunnow then explained that on the Emperor of Russia's birthday, I think that was the occasion, everybody kissed everybody else; so far as I could make out: at any rate everyone of a certain rank in society such as Dukes, Ambassadresses, etc. etc.

The Duke when visiting an Embassy, or in the presence of a Foreign Sovereign, always wore the first class of the Order which that Sovereign had given to him. I remember that, at the balls at the Russian Embassy, then at Ashburnham House, the Duke always wore the ribbon and star of the first class of the great Russian Order of St George, the highest Military Order in Russia; he also possessing the Order of St Andrew, which is still higher in rank; he preferred to wear the former for good reasons. I observed one day at Baden Baden the Emperor

from Lord D. and D., that this version is absolutely correct. He says that, coming from Newmarket, Thomas 2nd Lord Wilton, well known as an Author of Hymns; the hero of *The Tommiad,* by Lord Winchilsea; told him among other stories about the Duke, with whom he was very intimate, what really occurred. The Duke was having his portrait painted, a practice he disliked, but submitted to. On one occasion he said "They have painted me in every attitude; except standing on my head". The painter was Pickersgill. Finding the Duke getting rather drowsy under the operation, he wished to excite his attention; and thus give some expression to his face. He succeeded only too well. Pickersgill said "I have often wished to ask your Grace a question". The Duke was far too prudent to say "What is it?". Pickersgill then said "Were you really surprised at Waterloo or not?". The Duke instantly replied "No! but I am now". I am not sure that Lord Wilton was not at Walmer at the time: he was frequently the Duke's guest at the Castle.

On one occasion at Walmer the Duke found himself in an embarrassing position; but even here his mental resources did not fail him. He found himself shut into a very small room indeed: and, by an accident to the bolt, he failed to open the door. This very small room had a very small window, through which it was possible to see horizontally; but, from the thickness of the castle wall, not vertically. Few would, I think, have known what to do. It would

not have been well for the Duke to rouse the neighbourhood by shouts for those shouts would have reverberated throughout the civilized world, and every sort of story of illness and death would have circulated The Duke retained the same calmness as he did in battle Opposite to the window was a tower deeply covered with ivy In this ivy the Duke had observed that starlings were in the habit of nestling He accordingly waited and no sooner did the little birds fly out in a mass than the Duke concluded that some human being was passing He then called out and was liberated

On the memorable occasion of the Duke s ride through London on the 18th of June 1832 he had been to the Mint on his return he wished to visit Sir Charles Wetherall in Lincoln s Inn The Liberal Party in London had got scent of his arrival on Tower Hill and were determined to give him a Charivari on his way home Most of the particulars of his ride are well known but I may mention that the gentleman in a gig, who helped to protect him in East Holborn, and who disappeared without giving the Duke his name or address when he arrived at Lincoln s Inn, was ultimately known The Duke made every exertion to find him at the time by advertisement, but failed Many years afterwards a gentleman sent his card up to the Duke at Apsley House, and the latter saw him The Duke asked him what his business was and he replied that his Grace might remember that many years before he had been of some slight service to him in Holborn The Duke expressed his great delight

at seeing him; and asked if it were possible for him to be of any use to the stranger. The latter replied that he had a very small favour to ask on behalf of some individual, which the Duke instantly granted; and expressed his regret that the favour asked for was not greater. On the day in question, after leaving Lincoln's Inn he proceeded along the Strand, and Pall Mall. When passing the United Service Club, the windows of which were, of course, lined with members, the Duke looked straight between his horse's ears. I had this from Lord St Germans, who happened to meet him. He turned his horse, and rode with the Duke through the Park gates near Stafford House, and up Constitution Hill, the mob at the same time rushing across the Green Park, in order to intercept him at his own door. The Duke said but little on the road: but passing through the crowd, which he did without the slightest hesitation, when the door of his house was reached, he touched his hat to Lord St Germans; and quietly said "An odd day to choose!" (Waterloo day). "Good morning."

The Duke would not have the windows of Apsley House repaired; he had iron shutters placed; the interior window being at night covered with large plate-glass sliding mirrors. He felt, no doubt, that his house might at any time be attacked; and that these shutters would be a good protection: but the reason for not mending the windows was not, I believe, due to his wishing to keep them as a memorial of this atrocious outrage; but because the Duke held that, in cases of public riot, the 'Hundred'

was bound to make good the loss Familiar, as he was, with the history of the 'Great Book', he may on that afternoon have thought of One who was received with the wildest shouts of "Hosannah to the Son of David" and, a little later was surrounded by the same vile wretches crying "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Some years afterwards, when the Duke was at the height of popularity, a great crowd waited in Piccadilly, and gave him a tremendous ovation on his return home The Duke took not the slightest notice of their cheering, but, just previously to entering his gates, he pointed with his right hand calmly to the iron shutters He then took his hat off with a mockery of gratitude, and entered his house

I saw, after his death, the windows being mended every pane without exception on the Piccadilly side was smashed

A ribbon and medal were given eventually to the survivors of the Peninsular War, after too many brave men had passed away I observed that the Duke wore the second ribbon, which differed very slightly from that given for Waterloo, attached also to the Waterloo medal one bright the other faded

The Duke was mindful of the oath which he had taken when made a Knight of the Garter, always to have some insignia on his person In this as in other things, he was a lover of truth

The popular idea that the only civilians who have a right to hoist the 'Union' flag over their *house are Lords Lieutenant of Counties*, is a

mistake. Knights of the Garter have the right; no doubt as the sequence of the permission to hoist the white banner of St George, before the 'Union' flag was invented.

The Duke received, almost without exception, the first class of every European Order. The principal ones, the Golden Fleece of Spain, the St Esprit of France, St Andrew of Russia, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Elephant of Denmark, he had no difficulty, of course in discriminating; but when it came to the minor States, he was sometimes puzzled. On one occasion, being asked to meet at dinner at Windsor Castle a second class Crowned Head, the Duke, who carried his orders with him in a lined box, could not recollect, among so many, which was the Grand Cross of the particular Sovereign. Accordingly he desired his servant to consult the valet of the distinguished personage in question. Either by the maladroitness of the Duke's servant, or more probably of the servant of the foreign Prince, the Duke's drawer of Orders was carried up to the latter; no doubt to his disgust.

The Duke being asked whether he found much advantage in being a great man, and having a completely acknowledged position, besides his wealth, and political power, said "Yes; I can afford to do without servants: I always brush my own clothes: and if I were strong enough, I would black my own boots."

I have avoided, and shall avoid going into the question of the Duke's political career. The

first Soldier, and the first Diplomatist in Europe, he knew little of home politics, and he knew that he knew little Circumstances, the principal of which was his high, unblemished character for honesty, forced him into a position for which he knew that he was unfit The seven best years of his life, when Statesmen are learning, or ought to be learning their duties, were passed in the campaigns of Portugal and Spain and no one can have felt more acutely than the Duke how this absence of apprenticeship had unfitted him for his subsequent political career He said so repeatedly and he felt it There are silly and shallow people who have said that the first dozen men passing through Temple Bar would make so good Cabinet Ministers as any others. Nothing more senseless ever came from human lips It has been said that nothing more is required than Good Sense Good sense is, of course, required in every art No man can paint a picture without good sense No man can amputate a limb without good sense The total absence of this quality from the minds of those who utter such Twaddle is wonderful

What is required to be a Cabinet Minister? It is Good Sense plus Experience to suppose for a moment that a man of fifty can suddenly take up a science, and become master of what requires a lifetime of observation, and an exceptional intellect, is absurd

With our extremely complicated political system; with the endless variety, and constantly shifting opinion of the Houses of Parliament, who can possibly be of use, unless he has commenced his career at an early age? Find your

most sensible friend: ask him if he will go to St George's Hospital, and cut off a man's leg. Would not your friend laugh in your face? Find another sensible friend, and ask him to paint an oil picture for the Exhibition next year: would not he do the same? Yet in an Art and Science which require more Genius than all the rest put together, we have been seriously told that the first man we meet in the street is as good as any other and that any man of fifty, who is not an absolute fool, can govern a Kingdom. We all know Byron's irony

Critics all are ready made

If this sarcasm applies to Criticism, possibly, in its loftiest sense, a higher art than Art itself, it is ten times more applicable to the mental condition of a Statesman.

The Duke spoke of the Reform Act of 1832, as a "Revolution in due course of law."

One of the most interesting sights I saw while at Eton, was the Review of the Household Brigade, and Artillery, and one Regiment of the Line, given by the Duke for the Emperor Nicholas in Windsor Park.

The review took place on the Eastern side of Queen Anne's ride: the weather was perfect. A very large Staff, and a vast number of Officers, Lords-Lieutenant, and others, were present. The Life Guards, and Guards, looked, as usual, splendid. The Emperor had especially insisted upon seeing a Regiment of the Line, "such as those with which you win your battles in India."

Accordingly the 47th Regiment was paraded It being soon after Montem, the last, we Fifth Form boys wore our scarlet coats

The Emperor was dressed in a dark green uniform, trousers of nankeen, his boots round at the toes, black helmet, and cuirass, and gold epaulettes He rode very short His features were different from those of the Emperor Alexander, whose portraits had a retrousse nose, and a rather insignificant face The Emperor Nicholas had a fine Greek face Everything possible was done to receive him with exceptional honour The Knights of the Garter, and other Orders, wore their ribbons, and, what I have never seen before nor since, Lord Combermere and Lord Anglesey wore the Stars of the Bath and Garter respectively, screwed to the cuirasses which they wore as Colonels of the 1st Life Guards and Blues One incident occurred which brought down great vituperation upon the Prime Minister When the Review was about half way through, Sir Robert Peel, who was then at the nadir of unpopularity in relation to his political conduct, cantered up into the midst of the large and brilliant group of uniforms, in plain clothes He rode a handsome chestnut horse, and was dressed in a loose blue frock coat, yellow waistcoat, and drab trousers He at once rode up to the Emperor Nicholas, made him a low bow, and, on the Emperor extending his right hand, kissed it. I may mention here that the Emperor drove through Eton on his way from Slough to Windsor Castle a few days before, while we were in three o'clock school The false report spread that he was coming, and we wer wed to

rush out to see him. It turned out to be only the King of Saxony, for whom the boys, by comparison, expressed great contempt. However a little later the Emperor passed. He was sitting in one of Dotesio's britzkas; alone; and on the edge of the seat. He struck me as a singularly handsome man, very tall; with very broad shoulders; but not very well-bred. Being always in uniform, and holding himself square, no doubt gave him this appearance. I believe that it has always been reckoned the pride of the British officer that, when out of uniform, no one should take him for a soldier.

I recollect that in afternoon church at Eton on the day of the Review a somewhat novel effect in music occurred. The beautiful anthem *Holy, Holy* was being sung in the chapel of Eton, and one of the choristers, named Foster, who had an extraordinary alto voice, was giving a very high and prolonged note. At that instant a battalion of the Guards returning from the Review crossed Barnes Pool Bridge: the Band struck up, as it was bound to do when leaving a town, '*The girl I left behind me.*' Anything so extraordinary as the effect of the music reverberating through the chapel I have never heard before nor since.

The Duke remembered no doubt what was said to him who consulted the oracle at Delphi as to how to achieve Immortality. "Go" said the Oracle, "and kill One already Immortal". We know that he took the Oracle at its word; and murdered Philip of Macedon.

Neither Napoleon, nor the Duke of Wellington,

ever allowed anyone to shave them The Duke performed this delicate operation with consummate skill but declared that he never could get his servants to keep his razors in order He was in the habit of taking a number of them at a time to a little cell in subsequently a newspaper shop in Piccadilly close to the Burlington Arcade he waited while they were sharpened

Charles II showed his astuteness on one occasion when his barber was at work on his head This was at a time when full bottomed wigs were worn The barber who was no doubt like his master fond of a joke, said,
"I have often
got your Majest
and said good humouredly, but decisively "You shall never shave me again there is treason in the thought

Brilliant as were the abilities of the Duke, he, like other great men could not talk twaddle He found no difficulty in speaking to children whose naive manners, and originality of thought delighted him, but the wretched trash talked by grown up children was to him intolerable The story is well known of his saying "I have no small talk, and Peel no manners

We cannot fancy the Duke asking, even in a railway carriage, "Have you seen Salvini? nor ' Do you admire Mrs Langtry?

The Duke s whole nature was practical
of considering, and theorizi
garments, belts, etc worn

[illegible] Line Regiment. He [illegible] large size of scale, he said to [illegible] the room with your musket [illegible]. He had t[illegible] Now then, get ou[illegible] and then get into th[illegible] ended the question.

[illegible] at the Clothing Departmen[illegible] infantry shako. It bear[illegible] the front. With it was th[illegible] The Duke of Wellington has [illegible] for seven hours to-day. He [illegible] excellent head-dress for the sol[illegible] men who have tried it on would [illegible] to wear it for seven minutes; [illegible] with the Duke. However, [illegible] in that day.

I asked the 2nd Duke why it was that his father always patronized the Ancient Concerts; terrible performances, which I attended once or twice in my boyhood. He replied "I will tell you why. My grandfather, Lord Mornington, was, as you know, a great musician; my father attended the concerts regularly, because his father had either instituted or patronized them". The Concerts were held at the Hanover Square Rooms. I said that I had always noticed that the Duke took care to sit between two handsome women on the sofa which was placed in the front rank for his special use. This may have consoled him for what must have been to him severe suffering. He had a dinner party at Apsley House; and took, I believe, his party to the concert.

The 2nd Duke told me the following story in relation to the horse whose name will never die 'Copenhagen.' The Duke gave a long price for him—I think three hundred pounds. He was a hollow backed powerful horse. Some years after the 1st Duke's death an old servant who had served the family for many years came to him. He produced something wrapped up in *The Times* newspaper, and with hesitation, said "My Lord, I believe that I shall not live very long. I have come to place in your Grace's hands what belongs to you." The Duke naturally asked, with some surprise, what this could be. The old man then slowly took out of the parcel a horse's hoof. He said "My Lord, when Copenhagen was buried (near Strathfieldsaye House) I cut off one of his hoofs. None of us imagined that the Duke would trouble his head about the body of the horse, but he walked down, and saw him buried. He instantly noticed that the hoof was gone. He was in a most terrible passion, and no one dared to tell him what had happened. I have kept the hoof carefully ever since, and now I give it back to your Grace." I have often heard when in the 1st Life Guards, dining at St James's Palace, regret expressed that, whereas the hoof of Napoleon's horse 'Marengo' was used there daily as a snuff box, the hoof of 'Copenhagen' could not be placed beside it.

I have said that the Duke shared himself. Here is another remarkable indication of the good sense which told him that [illegible] he had always been the butt of

remained the object of the less cowardly assassin. An Officer in the Regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, walked to Walmer Castle soon after the Duke's death. He asked his servant whether he could spare any article, however insignificant, of the Duke. The servant said "There are a lot of umbrellas in that corner; if you like, you can have one of them". The Officer took up one of the umbrellas, and endeavoured to open it. To his surprise he drew out a sword. He pointed this out: the servant replied "Oh, yes; there is a sword in every umbrella". This, no doubt, would have given the Duke a chance, who walked about London, and elsewhere, absolutely unattended, had he been attacked.

The Duke being asked how it was that he had succeeded in beating Napoleon's Marshals, one after another, said "I will tell you. They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well; and answers very well; until it gets broken; and then you are done for. Now I made my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot; and went on."

When asked what was the best test of a great general, he replied "To know when to retreat; and to dare to do it."

Two friends upon whom I could rely, both General Officers, told me that, on separate occasions, they heard the Duke say this. He rarely spoke about Waterloo; but they heard

enter France The Emperor Alexander turned to the Duke of Wellington, and, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said "C'est pour vous encore sauver le monde"

I have heard from many who were in public life at the time that the Duke's position after Waterloo was not nearly so great as that which he subsequently attained He was then looked upon as a brilliantly successful General The facts, which placed him so high as a diplomatist, were not then known Lord Castlereagh overshadowing him His fame, and reputation, in the minds of those whose good opinion is alone worth having, rose steadily Every year of his life increased his appreciation by wise, and honourable, men

Two great officers are appointed for special occasions only These are the Lord High Constable, and Lord High Steward of the Kingdom On the occasion of the Coronation of George IV the Duke was nominated to the function of Lord High Constable On either side of the Champion of England, and adding greatly to the splendour of the function, were the Lord High Constable, and the Deputy Earl Marshal When the Champion enters Westminster Hall, during the banquet, he rides between these two Great Officers from the principal door up to the King's table, the King being seated under the window at the farther end After the customary challenge made by the King's Champion to anyone who should dispute the right of the Monarch, and the throwing down of the glove, the King drinks to the health

of the Champion in a goblet of gold, which he there and then presents to him. This being done, it is the duty of the Champion, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal to rein their horses backwards, until their exit at the door by which they entered from Palace Yard.

The Duke, with his practical good-sense, anticipating the scene of tumultuous enthusiasm which was certain to occur, took care to obtain for the occasion a well-trained steed from the establishment across the river, since known as Astley's. Accordingly, an animal of handsome appearance, and dignified demeanour, was selected: and, a backward movement being unusual to horses, the steed upon whom so much honour was conferred was carefully drilled day after day for some weeks to move in an inverse direction round the Circus. In time he became quite perfect; and equally insensible to the efforts made by persons employed to disturb his equanimity. No amount of cheering, nor throwing up of hats, nor noises of any kind induced the animal to swerve from his backward path.

The great day arrived. The King was in his seat. The Peers, and Peeresses, and everything that was great in the Kingdom had found their proper locality in Westminster Hall; the noble building raised by William Rufus (for his bedroom). The great doors were thrown open; and a sight which eclipsed all other sights enchanted the spectators. The Champion of England in brillant armour entered between his supporters. Nothing could be more imposing. The Hero of Waterloo wearing his Coronation Robes, his Ducal Coronet placed rather forward

on his brow, and bearing in his right hand the baton of a Field Marshal, bestrode with great dignity his noble steed duly caparisoned for the occasion. The sight was irresistible The Peers, Peeresses, and commoners rose to their feet a wild burst of cheering echoed through that vast, and picturesque roof What was the horror of the spectators what was the dismay of the Sovereign and what must have been the feelings even of that iron soul, that had confronted death in every shape unmoved when the intelligent animal which he rode assuming that the noise was the preliminary to his turning round, as he had been trained to do instantly did this and advanced towards the Sovereign with his head pointing to the door by which he had entered Westminster Hall As children say at the end of a good story, What did they do then? Some of those in attendance with great difficulty succeeded, to use a sailor s expression in 'slewing the animal round, and possibly by dint of holding the bridle, and caresses, enabled the great Duke to approach George the Magnificent, in a decorous, and dignified manner

My father, who was page to the Lord High Steward, was present on this occasion, and Lord Lucan, who only died in the autumn of 88, told me that he walked up Westminster Hall with him, he Lord Lucan being page to Lord Lauderdale carrying the Great Banner of Scotland

It has been said of George IV that he asked Sir Walter Scott pointedly whether he was the

author of *Waverley* or not. George IV was much too well-bred a man to do anything of the sort. What I have heard happened was this. At the time, when it was almost universally known who the Author in question was, George IV, at a dinner at Carlton House, looking at Sir Walter Scott, said "Mr Scott: I drink to the author of *Waverley*". Scott replied "I will take care that your Royal Highness's toast is conveyed to the Author". This, no doubt, originated the silly, and slanderous story.

The Duke was a practical philosopher of the best sort. He says himself that he had been slandered from his boyhood; but no amount of Calumny ever induced him to swerve from the straight, and wise path. Of a far gentler nature than Frederick the Great, he partook of some of his qualities. Frederick, riding one day with his aide-de-camp, saw a crowd, collected in a by-street of Berlin, doing their best to read a placard posted rather beyond their sight. The King enquired what it was. His aide-de-camp replied "A scurrilous poster against your Majesty". "Oh" said Frederick, "have it brought lower down at once: they cannot read it where it is". When Voltaire wrote to him, threatening all sorts of disclosures, he at once put his letter into the Official Gazette.

Staying at Knebworth with the late Lord Lytton, we drove thence to Lord Salisbury's house at Hatfield. In the dining-room are two portraits: at one end that of Charles XII of Sweden, at the other that of the Duke. I said

to Lord Lytton "If I were Lord Salisbury, I should write under that portrait (Charles XII)

> A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
> No dangers daunt him, and no labours tire

and, under this (of the Duke),

> He rose
> Without one thought that Honour could oppose.'

Lord Lytton seemed delighted and said "You have improved my lines you will see that I shall alter them'

I cannot resist to insert, although they are, or ought to be, familiar to every one, the beautiful description given by the 1st Lord Lytton of the Duke of Wellington in *The New Timon*

> [illegible] lew
>
> [illegible]
>
> And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved'
>
> * * *
>
> Warm if his blood he reasons while he glows
> Admits the Pleasure ne er the Folly knows
> If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set
> He had won the Venus, but escaped the net
>
> * * *
>
> [illegible]

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> Next with loose rein and careless canter view
> Our Man of men, the Prince of Waterloo
> O er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest
> The firm shape rigid in the buttoned vest
> Within, the iron which the fire has proved
> And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved!
>
> * * *
>
> Warm if his blood, he reasons while he glows
> Admits the Pleasure ne er the Folly knows
> If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set
> He had won the Venus, but escaped the net
>
> * * *
>
> Yet oh! how few his faults how pure his mind

I asked Lord Lytton, on the same day, whether some lines that I had found many years before, when staying at Hatfield House, in a scrap-book, on the 'Amorino' in the Vatican, were not written by him. He told me that they were not: but my recollection of the style, and particularly of the handwriting, induced me to suppose that he had written them; and forgotten the fact.

The Duke was perhaps the only great man we read of, who was perfectly neat in his dress. He was known in Spain as 'The Dandy'; not as a term of deterioration: he was conspicuous, at a time when the British Army was not well dressed, for the careful manner in which he wore his clothes. I never remember to have seen him, in the morning, nor in evening Society, but what he was a model of good taste in this respect. I must not be understood to say that there was anything made up, or, as the French would say, 'apprêté'. He had the perfection of art; for whether dressed as soldier or civilian, he looked as if his clothes naturally fitted him well, if I may use the term. In later years he almost invariably wore a garment, then novel, and known as a 'Paletôt', single-breasted, straightly cut, and reaching to his knees; with a narrow, turn-down, collar of the same material as the coat; and buttoned rather high up. His hat always with a very clean lining of pale yellow leather, had a narrow brim, trousers usually of grey, or 'Oxford mixture', as it was called; and his boots or shoes well shaped, and well blacked; he always carried two cambric pocket-

handkerchiefs On the 1st of May on which day all soldiers in uniform had to wear white trousers, the Duke so appeared supplementing them no doubt, by very thick drawers In the evening he wore, usually, a blue tailed coat, with velvet collar, and handsome gilt pin buttons sometimes a white waistcoat sometimes a black one On great occasions black breeches, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, of course with the 'Garter' below the left knee On ordinary occasions, and in cold weather, black cloth pantaloons, with the 'Garter tied over them, black silk stockings, shown at the ankle and shoe strings

The Duke invariably wore, except in the presence of a Foreign Sovereign, or at a Foreign Embassy, across his waistcoat, only the Garter ribbon, the Star of the Garter on the left breast of his coat the Golden Fleece of Spain, with its red ribbon pendent from his neck, the Fleece itself lying upon the blue ribbon of the Garter The Duke was much too smart a man to wear his 'George upon his thigh The 'George could only just be perceived above his right hip The Golden Fleece was believed to be the one that had been worn by the Emperor Charles V, and to have been given him as a special honour The Duke wore round his neck a peculiar cravat, not easy to describe The white cambric was in numerous folds in front, without a bow or tie, and was fastened into a broad buckle, several inches deep, at the back of his neck His silvery hair was combed forward I have frequently seen him standing

in a ball-room; looking on with a kind smile; evidently pleased at seeing others happy; speaking cordially to those who addressed him; and certainly, to the last, in the fullest possession of his perceptive faculties. At his own house he played the host well; even at his great age showing a real knowledge of the individual; and a wish to please him or her.

Pestered as he must have been all his life, with attentions, many of them insincere, he never showed in his manner consciousness of the annoyance.

His was a face that would have been picked out of thousands by anyone who had read of him; and knew his history; and his marvellous exploits.

I never remember to have seen anyone who surpassed him in thoroughly well-bred demeanour. With perfect dignity, his manner was gentle in the extreme. At the same time, I cannot imagine Impertinence itself venturing to take the slightest liberty with him.

During the last few years of his life his look was certainly senile; not that his mind was in any degree affected; but, from being partially deaf, having lost many years before, the use of one ear from the accident of a cannon being discharged close to him, this ailment, no doubt, gave him occasionally a vacant look.

There was one man, and only one man, speaking the English language, who dared to utter a vile sneer:

I blot not my page with his name.

With infamous taste, which brought down upon him the contempt of everyone whose opinion was worth having he quoted publicly, in allusion to the Duke, Johnson's well known line

Down Marlborough's cheeks the tears of dotage flow

This was absolutely false I know well those who had intimate relations with the Duke to the last he was as acute at his extreme old age as he had ever been

The following occurred when Lord Derby's Government was formed in 1852 very shortly before the Duke's death A list of the new Government was read to him he being at the time Commander in Chief Listening carefully, he observed that the Secretary *at* War, in those days a subordinate officer, had been omitted from the list read out. He asked "Who is Secretary at War? The answer given with hesitation was "Beresford , this being the notorious W B , a noisy and foolish Irishman The Duke, who did not consider such an appointment possible, thought it was his old friend, Marshal Viscount Beresford, and quietly remarked ' A very old man!

The Duke asked who was Colonial Minister, the Secretary *for* War at that time being also Minister for the Colonies The reply was "Pakington "Who? said the Duke in a loud voice "Pakington, Sir John Pakington' "Never heard of the gentleman! said the Duke

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Two incidents that occurred in Sir John's Naval career always charmed me Sir John paid a visit to one of the Queen's finest ships lying at Spithead He was accompanied by the Naval

Lords of the Admiralty, of which he was then First Lord; and others.

Walking round the Ship in a solemn manner, with the Captain, he overheard a Naval Lord immediately behind him say to the First Lieutenant of the ship "I observe your yards are not so square as they might be". On leaving the ship, immediately before descending to his boat, while the Marines presented arms, Sir John turned to the Captain, and, after some graceful compliments as to the condition of his ship, added in a stage whisper "There is one thing I observe, Captain — , the only thing that I can criticise; and that is that your yards are not perfectly square."

Whether the Captain was astounded by this technical knowledge; or whether he was sharp enough to read Sir John, History does not record.

This, however, was nothing to what followed. It is the custom, it appears, when the Lords of the Admiralty visit a Man-of-War, or are in any boat conveying them in their official capacity, for the First Lord to steer the boat. Admiral Lord Hardwicke, a rough and tough old salt, known in the Navy as 'Old Blowhard', and the Junior Lords of the Admiralty, were in the boat; which was propelled with great velocity from Spithead to Portsmouth by a number of stalwart oarsmen. All went well while they were in the open sea, which was smooth; but Sir John, whose knowledge of boats was confined to those on a river, steering on the occasion in question, and wishing to do everything 'secundum artem', at each stroke of the oars bent forward; as may be seen every day on

the Thames No one interfered with him, and, as I have said, all went well until they approached the landing stairs The most awful catastrophe then ensued Sir John, instead of giving the word, or its Naval equivalent, to 'back water, wishing to do the thing correctly, said 'Oars up' or 'Oars in His ignorance of dynamics at once showed itself The prow of the boat struck the piles of the landing stage with fearful force, and the Lords of the Admiralty, and half the crew, with Sir John Pakington on the top of them, were precipitated into the bottom of the boat I have been told that Lord Hardwicke's language was dreadful beyond belief The pent up rage of the fine old seaman, who had been watching this landsman playing his antics during the day, fairly boiled over at this hideous diaster Nothing in the History of Naval Objurgation had been heard like his expressions

Nothing in the Duke's life shows his lofty sense of honour more than in relation to his Marriage Some years before his return to England from India, he had engaged himself to a relation, the daughter of Lord Longford During his absence the lady had the misfortune, a common one in those days, to catch the smallpox, and was terribly disfigured by it, so much so that the Duke did not recognize her when he met her in Society on his return The lady with true nobleness of character, wrote to him telling him that she considered him under the circumstances of her disfigurement absolutely free from his engagement Years may possibly have diminished his attach

ment; and I have never heard that it was exceptionally strong. The Duke, however, felt that in his position, looked up to as he was, as an example of what was right, the fact of his breaking off the marriage, even with the full sanction of his intended wife, would have a very bad effect. Numerous officers in his army were, possibly, similarly, or nearly similarly, placed; and, had he set the example, no doubt in many places engagements of a serious kind would have been broken. He accordingly married the lady; who was a most excellent person in every respect.

The physical exhaustion which the Duke had to endure in Spain would have broken down the health of a man of less strength. For the first three years he never slept out of his clothes; the hardships of his life could hardly have been surpassed.

He always said "The worst house is better than the best tent."

The food in Spain, which even in quiet times is very bad, must have been execrable during his campaign.

The Duke felt that all rested upon him: that he was the first; and the rest nowhere: and that on his mind and, to use his own term, his 'iron hand' everything depended. Worried by the 'Juntas' of Portugal, and Spain: with the overwhelming responsibility in relation, not only to his army but to theirs: surrounded by Jealousy, Envy, and th[illegible]rdinate, Malignity, it seems marvellous [illegible]an being could live; and preserve [illegible]impaired.

characterized him. The Nonappreciation, the Misconstruction, the Slander of which he was perpetually the object, not only fell harmless from him: it did not embitter him. Many and many a man, however strong his powers of endurance, must have had the character of his disposition changed by such undeserved, and envenomed animosity; but no amount of injury that was inflicted upon him in this manner changed his noble nature. His kindness of heart, his extreme benevolence to everyone who sought his assistance, of whatever kind, were not to be surpassed.

Some officer being mentioned to him as being invariably 'in the thick' of every fray that took place, and this officer being recommended to him for Command, the Duke quietly said "I prefer to appoint an Officer to an independent command, who keeps out 'of the thick of it'"; knowing, of course, that an officer could not very well superintend a fight, if he engaged in single combat with one of the enemy.

For a man so clear-sighted as the Duke, life could not have offered many enjoyments. Few illusions could have haunted his steady brain: the Chapter of Mankind to all men of acute mental sight is a sad one. Horace Walpole tells us that "Life is a Comedy to those who think; a Tragedy to those who feel". The Duke probably endeavoured to treat it, more or less, as the former.

To suppose that because he was firm he was hard is the shallowest of blunders. Like Outalissi, in Campbell's beautiful Poem,

As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above and barrenness below,
He scorned his own who felt another's woe

The story is well known of the Commissary who came to the Duke to complain of the General of his Division This was attributed to Picton I have taken the trouble to ascertain that it was of Craufurd of whom the officer spoke He said to the Duke "General Craufurd, my Lord, says that if the provisions for his Division are not ready in time, he will hang me What do you advise me to do? The Duke calmly replied "I strongly advise you to obtain them, General Craufurd, I observe, keeps his word

Nothing redounded more to the credit of that much abused monarch, George IV, than his consistent, and persistent regard for the Duke of Wellington. I believe that the King's friendship for him was perfectly genuine The Duke, when out of humour, occasionally sneered at him but George IV, throughout his whole conduct, from the beginning of the War to his last hour, invariably showed his respect for the Duke of Wellington There was no jealousy towards him, as was the case, it is to be feared, between the previous Monarch and Lord Nelson From the first moment that the Prince Regent got the opportunity of rewarding the Duke, he did so most liberally, and heaped Honours, Titles, and Wealth upon his most deserving subject He seems to have been never so much pleased as when he was giving the Duke something more and it is evident that he was

proud to have the Duke of Wellington counted among his friends.

George IV was a man of acute perceptions: it suited the purpose of Byron, and Moore, who ought to have been ashamed of themselves, to write down the King: and to turn him into ridicule: but neither of them pretended that George IV was a fool. The Duke latterly expressed a high opinion of his intellectual gifts: and indeed it is wonderful, considering the selfish life which George IV was supposed to have lived as a young man, how he could endure, and retain possession of his senses, the tormenting which he underwent later, in regard to Catholic Emancipation, his Ministers, and other matters. Had he been the self-seeking Sybarite which the Whig Poets and writers represented him to be, he would never have taken the infinite trouble which he did to act a constitutional part, at a terribly difficult crisis in the history of his country.

It was said of George IV that "he hated without a cause; and never forgave". With strong instincts, and large experience of human nature, he probably read people through, who little dreamed of his powers: and although it may have appeared to the world in general, ignorant of the facts, that he was cynical, and heartless, it is more likely that his alienation was brought about from some secret cause, of which the outside world knew nothing. His conduct to Brummell, whom he had himself selected when a young Hussar at Brighton, appeared to be base: but, judging the character of the two men calmly, it seems most probable that Brummell offered the Prince some insult

that it was impossible for a man to endure The Prince Regent, from his position, was absolutely barred from placing himself on a level with anyone who insulted him and this, I believe that Brummell, at some time or other, did It is, of course, known that insanity showed itself in Brummell some years before his death, and, superior in his way, as Brummell undoubtedly was, I suspect that his head was turned by the position which he attained, and that on some occasion he must have offered to his Sovereign some very gross, and unpardonable insult

No one can form an idea of the peculiar position held by Monarchs Absolutely isolated by their situation, in some cases not having mixed, even in youth, with their subjects, utterly shut out from the world by a small circle, and totally dependent on that circle for information, great allowances should be made for what may appear fickleness or injustice George IV as a young man mixed, of course, much in Society, in fact was much more a part of Society than those who had gone before him He [illegible]
able
of I
Duke remained unchanged Nothing can be easier for those who have the ear of a Monarch than with 'whispering tongue to poison truth', and to create a prejudice, the more lasting from its object having no means of defending himself No doubt George IV s Court was made up, in some degree, of unscrupulous men but I believe that, with the exception of Brum-

mell, there was never any conspicuous case of desertion.

As regards Sheridan, great injustice was done. It was supposed that George IV, having amused himself with Sheridan so long as the latter was amusing, turned his back on him, when Poverty, and Misfortune visited his sick bed. Nothing could be more untrue. Public recognition of Sheridan on the part of the King would hardly have been seemly. Sums of money advanced to the splendid Wit for the purpose of Parliamentary Elections had, I fear there is little doubt, been spent by him in other ways; that money was liberally and secretly sent to him by the King is now well known.

I surprises me that no one has investigated, nor endeavoured to investigate the question as to what were the personal opinions of Monarchs in history. We know that generation after generation has lavished Criticism, frequently Contempt, and occasionally Vituperation upon those who have occupied thrones: but we have had no opportunity of knowing what the Monarch himself thought of his contemporaries. Entirely unable from their position to reply to Criticism, or Abuse, compelled to sit still while every sort of interpretation is being put upon their acts by those vile minds which invent, where they cannot find, vileness, one would like to hear the 'Case of the King', as stated by himself. Many Monarchs have been persons of exceptional ability; well able to defend themselves if they had the opportunity: but History does not record one case of the defence of a

King by himself. A few casual observations have been handed down, and that is all.

How much one would like to know, for instance, George IV's private opinion of his slanderers. He found Moore good company, and he admired Byron. He never lost an opportunity of showing kindness, and doing what was good-natured by both. Byron and Moore turned upon him mercilessly. We have never heard the disagreeable things that George IV might have said about them—probably a good many.

The gossips of each age would be delighted if George IV had told us the original deep-seated reason for his inveterate hatred of his wife.

One would have liked to have heard the opinions of George III, who had to deal in his day, with a great many outstanding persons: what he thought of Lord Bute in his prime; whether he really liked William Pitt. One would like to have heard the considered opinion of Sir Robert Walpole, the dominant spirit of England for so many years. Queen Anne's views clearly expressed in relation to her brother and to the Protestant Succession would be interesting.

What would not Charles II's witty account of Lord Clarendon be worth?

Of James I and his friends the less said the better.

How gratifying it would be to know from Queen Elizabeth which, on the whole, she preferred; the handsome and chivalrous Essex, or the broad-shouldered and brutal Leicester, and

always suspected them to be traitors, who would sooner or later destroy him We should like to have heard his impartial opinion as regards Cleopatra, and from the last named Monarch to have heard her comparisons between Augustus, and Antony She might have told us whether in her heart she despised the latter for giving up a world for her sake, and whether she did not in reality prefer a man who did not care for her

We should like to have heard from Augustus why he banished Ovid, a secret that has been completely kept from mankind

In short, there is no limit to the questions which we should like to put to the Monarchs of the past.

Napoleon took a conventional, and a vulgar view of the British race His utter want of just appreciation brought about his ruin He judged men according to commonplace rules He met with a people that was not commonplace;

With daring aims, Irregularly Great

and they annihilated him

He believed that in the field, as in politics once he had established a commanding position, his enemy would yield He found out his mistake

Napoleon III was far wiser he had lived among us, and understood us, and although, as a last card, I have no doubt whatever that he would have attacked us, it would have been his very last card, and would have been [illegible] ed with great apprehensions for his o

I heard from the 2nd Duke particulars of Lord Castlereagh's end. He had heard a good deal about it from his father. This Duke observed Lord Castlereagh's behaviour at the Cabinet Council; and, leaving it, he went straight to Dr Bankhead, the first Physician of that day. Not finding him at home, the Duke returned again; rode to the Park; and, on his way home, the Physician still being absent, wrote on his visiting card, which I believe still exists, "Either Lord L. is mad or I am.—W.". Lord Castlereagh had become, by his father's death, Marquess of Londonderry, in the Peerage of Ireland. The rest is known: even the active treatment which Dr Bankhead used was not sufficient to save the unfortunate man's life. The Duke told me that his father was absolutely certain that Lord Castlereagh had been mad for some time; worn out by work: and that the horrible conspiracy, *which his imagination pictured*, *was a sheer* hallucination. No trace of it whatever could be found after his death.

An attempt was made on Sir Robert Peel's life, which has never be[illegible] [illegible]e public. His second daughter, one o[illegible] [illegible]eautiful, and amiable women that I [illegible] told me, that on one public, or [illegible] father [illegible] [illegible]ther were in a [illegible] The [illegible] p[illegible] in t[illegible] Robe[illegible] and [illegible]

which she had from her father, and mother had never been made known She was unable to recollect the precise occasion

The Duke when a young man lost a sum, important for him at play he discouraged gambling among officers

Crockford s was an Institution that I regret to say, I never saw The splendid palace still existing, on the West side of St James s Street, was not, as is supposed the actual scene of Play These grand rooms, magnificently furnished in the style of the Renaissance were used for ordinary club purposes The gambling room was in the small house which adjoins the building on the South The reason of this was that, in case an indictment had been brought, the actual Club itself would not have been sacrificed For those who chose to ruin themselves Crockford s was no doubt a bad place, but for the more sensible portion of the Club, who were content to lose a few hundreds for the good of the House, it must have been charming To find the best society in the world under circumstances of excitement, must have been truly delightful

The following incident occurred at the end of Crockford s career I have thought it worthy of being put into verse

A CHRONICLE OF CROCKFORD S

The Derby is lost and the Derby is won
The race of all Races has come and is gone,
And homeward each whirls whether loser and sad
Or winner of flimsies' with countenance glad

[illegible] a grand Triumph [illegible] the Road
That [illegible] the [illegible] Imperial abode,
[illegible] they call it, [illegible] multitudes greet
The [illegible] who [illegible] up St James' holy Street!

'The [illegible] whispers a voice in each ear,
[illegible] has [illegible] for his whistle [illegible] dear,
[illegible] 'twixt a sigh and a frown,
[illegible] not always one's own

On the eve of the Derby a whisper had spread;
[illegible] that 'Crocky' was dead,
A tale that had [illegible] the looks
Of the [illegible] who were deep in his books

There [illegible] in a window [illegible] four-year-old fresh,
Rather [illegible] but still in the flesh,
With [illegible], and a faultless cravat,
[illegible] his hat.

So [illegible] all the winners are known
To the [illegible] have flown:
And the [illegible] knew till a twelvemonth had sped,
That the man in the window was 'Crocky', but—dead

One character in the great European drama of the beginning of the century has become faint: the Archduke Charles of Austria. The Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon, had a very high opinion of him. In one place the Duke says that the Archduke excelled them both. My uncles, Sir Charles, and General Robert Craufurd, served under him. The former was desperately wounded on the Rhine.

The Archduke Charles had one extraordinary peculiarity, not in the least the result of intemperance: up to five o'clock in the afternoon his intellect was splendid, but, for some mysterious cause, it faded out at that hour.

Napoleon I, though he must have faced death often in the battle field, could never summon sufficient resolution to swallow a black dose, a most horrible trial, as everyone must admit, to a generation that had to take them but it seems singular that he had not philosophy enough to go through this abominable and, as it now seems, unnecessary horror

It was said in 1815 as to the letter repeated over and over again on public buildings, "Nous avons les N mis partout

Some one speaking of the empty chariot brought to Paris from St Mark s, Venice, asked who was to stand in it. The answer was ' The Emperor Ah! le char l attend" A good story murdered by Sir Walter Scott.

Said of Charles X in 1830, "Lex, et lent Roi is not a bad pun

The Duke figured conspicuously at the Coronation of Her present Majesty Canon Barham of St Paul s mentions him in 'Mr Barney Maguire s ballad on the subject in *The Ingoldsby Legends*, as

> Wellington walking
> With his swoord drawn talking
> To Hill and Hardinge haroes of great fame.

Some of the phrases in this Poem are now obscure it *will* save future generations trouble if I clear them up 'The Prince of Potboys' is a delicate allusion to Prince Putbus, the Ambassador of the King of Prussia.

> 'Twould have made you crazy
> To see Esterhazy
> All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots.

I remember Lord D., now Lord D. and A., who knew Barham well, telling me at Christ Church that 'Jasey' was a word invented for the rhyme: and had no meaning: I suggested that it was a cant name for a wig: I have heard since that it is an ecclesiastical ornament, worn on the breast.

Of another passage I have been asked the interpretation:

> Och! the Count von Strogonoff,
> Sure he got prog enough,
> The sly ould divil undernathe the stairs.

The meaning is as follows: Boards were placed horizontally behind and above the Peers' and Peeresses' seats raised in a high slope in the North and South Transepts: on these privileged persons were seated: there were, however, no boards placed vertically, except here and there for support: the result being that those who put their cocked hats, swords, sandwiches, etc., under their seats, lost them: the articles falling in an intermittent cascade to the floor of the Abbey below. Luncheons innumerable disappeared: and the incident immortalized by the Poet may no doubt have occurred; the individual being selected, I suspect as a brother Poet, for the sake of the rhyme.

There were fearful articles called 'portable dinners' invented for the occasion; which, were said to contain in one lozenge so much nourishment as a leg of mutton: they drove those

who were so imprudent as to eat them, almost mad from thirst.

The Duke was strongly in favour of preserving the army rank of Lieutenant Colonel for Captains in the Guards When asked his reason he replied "In case of another war I must have young officers, about whom I know something, to command the Second Battalions which will be raised"

The Duke was naturally impatient of the endless portraits that were insisted upon He exclaimed one day "They have painted me in every attitude, except standing on my head'

The numerous portraits of the Duke in the character sketches by H B give some idea of him, but not one that I have been able to find exactly represents him

The expression has been used, with a half sneer, in relation to the Duke, of his excellent 'Common Sense' This much abused term is supposed by many to represent a common, or ordinary quality, the fact being that 'Common Sense' means the collective Wisdom of generations, which is occasionally found concentrated in the mind of one individual, as it was in *his* *The envious majority of Mankind* will not admit the word Wisdom to be applied to any human being, and they basely attribute to the term 'Common Sense' the meaning 'which is common', thereby hoping to disparage the glorious quality, which ought to bear another name

It has been said that Genius is an 'infinite capacity for taking pains'. This seems to me to be an error. That it is a quality which Genius possesses; and without which Genius cannot succeed, I have no doubt. The Duke had it as regards War and Diplomacy in the highest degree.

He said "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

The armies of great nations have been created by individuals. This was the case with the conquering armies of Pompey, and of Cæsar; and, in later days, Europe has produced the same results.

The Prussian Army was created by Frederick II: the French Army was created by Napoleon; and the British Army owed its existence to the Duke of Wellington. In each case a master mind had to deal with the materials; and in each case the results were brilliant.

One of the most striking scenes in the dramatic life of the Duke was that in the Theatre of the University of Oxford, when he was inaugurated as Chancellor. A spectator, who now worthily represents the University in Parliament, has described the scene to me. The Duke, sitting in his splendid robes of black and gold as Chancellor: everyone who was distinguished in the University about him: encompassed by the great men who had, in some degree, shared his glorious career; the English Prize-Poem was recited. On the occasion every element was present that could impress the hearers. The subject of the Poem was *The*

The Poem may be found in *Oxford Prize Poems: 1839.* The copy which I have is of remarkable value in consequence of its containing a Poem by John Ruskin of Ch. Ch. called *Salsette and Elephanta*, recited in 1839. It contains Poems by some who have since played a more or less conspicuous part in their generation: one, a Congratulatory Address recited by E. Cardwell of Baliol; and one recited, but not written, by Lord Maidstone, afterwards Lord Winchilsea; author of *A Paraphrase of the Book of Job;* and *The Tourniad.* The latter was under the impression that the lines above quoted, relating to the Duke, were part of those recited by him, but this was not so. It does not state in the volume by whom the lines recited by Lord Maidstone were written; but I have ascertained that they were by Dr Bull, whom I remember as a portly Canon of Ch. Ch. No matter by whom: they are worthless. There is a Poem in the volume on *The Burning of Moscow*, by W. L. Seymour Fitzgerald, of Oriel, 1835; another by Frederic Faber, of University College, on *The Knights of St. John*, 1836: and one on *The Gipsies*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, of Baliol, 1837. Of an earlier race, the volume has *Palestine*, by Reginald Heber, of Brazenose, 1803: and, best of all, *The Belvidere Apollo*, by Henry Hart Milman, of the same College, 1812.

A story was told of General Grant, the great American President and warrior, which fascinated me. General Grant was invited to dine at Apsley House by the 2nd Duke of Wellington. A most distinguished party assembled to meet him.

During a pau e in the middle of dinner, the ex President addre n, the Duke at the I ead of the table sud My Lord I have heard that your fath r w a m litary man Was that the ca e

I h e I r l the review given to the Emp r N I I wl n at Wind or in 1844 An l rr l dur n, h tay at the Castle that w h r rd A b r told me that he h I I tor a walk after four on the North t rr t the Ca tle On the terrace ar th t w t th I w ro m n the ground flo r t t t up I by my friend and broth r H er S Th m B I I lph an impor tant I r t the Q r Hou ehod and at n r r l d I I r rtunate Monarch C r H shl t I a ume because th I t r l luded from th r t tl I d easily acc ible f I r l d r ru wh h would l all e t H d r after h aring tl r t I k tl e r m The boy t I I tl t l k the terrace he I r l u l t r r I r m natural r t l I l I t th l d and looked n tl w l H t t ct y saw Sir Robert I I t r h fireplace the Emperor N l l k u l d w the room speak n l lly and gesticulating This wa n rr I t w th n an hour of the fact having o rr I It will l remembered that in his r t w h Sir Hamilton Seymour which w r publ hed and which Sir Hamilton Seymour sub qu ntly repeated to me the Emperor Ni

cholas said that, when in England, he had conversed with three important members of the Queen's Government. They were, no doubt, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Aberdeen. The Emperor said that one only of the three personages in question had agreed with him with regard to his projects in the East, in which he wished the British Government to take part. The other two sternly refused to entertain his proposals. I have no doubt that this conversation, half overheard by the Eton boy, was on the subject which brought such misfortunes upon that part of the world, and such slaughter upon three great races.

The following story has been told: but I have not met with it in its absolute correctness. The Duke of Wellington received a letter when sitting in the House of Lords, from the eminent landscape designer, and great authority on botanical matters, J. C. Loudon. The Duke had lost sight of him for some years. It was a note to this effect: "My lord Duke: It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit Strathfieldsaye, at any time convenient to your Grace, and to inspect the Waterloo beeches. Your Grace's faithful servant, J. C. Loudon". The Waterloo beeches were trees that had been planted immediately after the battle of Waterloo: as a memorial of the great fight. The Duke read the letter twice, the writing of which was not very clear; and, with his usual promptness and politeness, replied as follows: having read the signature as 'C. J. London', instead of 'J. C. Loudon':

"My dear Bishop of London,

"It will always give me great pleasure to see you at Strathfieldsaye Pray come there whenever it suits your convenience, whether I am at home or not

"My servant will receive orders to show you so many pairs of breeches of mine as you wish, but why you should wish to inspect those that I wore at the battle of Waterloo is quite beyond the comprehension of

"Yours most truly

'WELLINGTON

This letter was received, as may be supposed, with great surprise by the Bishop of London He showed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to other discreet persons they came to the melancholy conclusion that the great Duke of Wellington had evidently lost his senses.

The Bishop of London (Blomfield) declared that he had not written to the Duke for two years, and to receive this extraordinary intimation puzzled the whole Bench of Bishops

Explanations, however, of a satisfactory kind, followed and the friendship of these worthy men was not changed

I have used colloquial titles as it would seem absurd, and certainly contrary to the 'manner of speaking, to say 'the Marquess of this did that, or the 'Earl of that said this As regards an individual Peer, the approximate date in Sir Bernard Burke's edition of the *British Bible* will indicate which of his race he was

I knew the man, whom the Duke of Wellington selected as a tutor for his sons, well. He was the Vicar of Brighton. His name was Wagner: the father of a clergyman who became subsequently a very conspicuous member of the Ritualist party. His character was not unlike that of the Duke: firm, determined, calm, positive in his views, and acting up to them. At one time there were symptoms of Parochial mutiny at Brighton. Wagner would stand no nonsense, and ultimately triumphed over the attempts which had been made against his authority.

The term, now become a part of the language, 'Circumstances over which I have no control', originated with the Duke of Wellington.

Soon after his first battle, the great Victory of Assaye, in which, with three thousand British, and some black troops, the Duke routed over thirty thousand Maharattas, the best troops in India, he was taken to visit a female Magician famous throughout Hindostan. This person presented him with a sword, traditionally believed to have belonged to Genghiz Khan, the Conqueror of India. The Prophetess told him, at the same time, that he would be the greatest Conqueror in the World.

This sword the Duke wore in all his battles. It was lost for some years. The sword was ultimately recognized at an Auction Room, at the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence's effects. It was bought for thirty shillings; and given back to the Duke; who was delighted at its recovery.

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WELLINGTON

Before the dark Enchantress
The firm faced Victor stands,
Her cavern in the desert rock
'Mid India s burning sands

"Wear this, a mighty Conqueror s Sword
Ay, gird it on thy thigh,
And wave it where it has been waved,
In the van of Victory!

"That Sabre through long years has hung,
For never yet my soul
Has felt the presence of the Man
Led blazoned in Fate s scroll

"Go! Man of Men! in Battle s storm
Raise o'er thy head the brand!
Through waves of blood, on War s proud mane
Place fearlessly thy hand!

"In visions on my soul that crowd
I see thy Banners fly
Where Thunders rive the battlement,
And hide in storm the sky

"I see thy baffled foes return
Where Havoc strews their path,
Where Murder and foul Rapine s alk,
And all is Fire and Death.

"Then borne on Valour s pinions sweep
Thy Armies to pursue
Thy Lion-race shall crown their Chief
Where the plume-stripped Eagle flew

"Fame s dazzling honours deck thy breast,
A world s Renown is thine
When thy country greets thy Glory, think
What Prophecy was mine!

"But brighter yet a vision glows,
Ay! nobler yet thy Fame,
A terror-stricken world shall call
Upon thy saving name

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ot to his relations, but to the grand-daughter Madame Craufurd, the beautiful Duchess de rammont, sister of Alfred Count d Orsay Madame Craufurd was for many years one of e principal ladies of fashion in Paris her lon being in the Rue d Anjou

The Duke was asked by a lady if the innu rable Caricatures which had been published him in the course of his life had ever caused a annoyance He answered Not a bit! not bit! and then, after a pause ' There s only Caricature that has ever caused me annoy nce Douro

The friend and confidante of Byron, Welling n, and Disraeli in constant correspondence h Emperors and Kings with intellect to preciate the various changes that took place her long life in European affairs the volume Sarah Lady Jersey s life would have been iceless ' I was the one thing he loved said e, in my hearing, after the Duke s death I lieve that at one time the Duke had great miration for her half sister, Lady Georgiana ne, who did not marry and that during the aterloo campaign he took a kind interest in eral young ladies and addressed to them tters in the same terms as have lately been blished Of course these attachments were rely Pickwickian The Duke was an Augustus, an Antony, and I do not suppose that he any time was ever influenced in his actions female power

The state of London society during Lady

Jersey's career can hardly be imagined now. Within the last few years all evening entertainments on a large scale have ceased. No large houses are open: in fact the London season, which was supposed to be dying, is now, in this respect, absolutely defunct: an earlier change came over London society, as I have heard it described, at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832. *The* effect of Politics upon Society manifested itself very soon. The most exclusive assembly in the world was, as is well known, Almack's. I have heard that the original Almack came from the Highlands; that his real name was MacCall, and that it was to avoid the odium which, in the middle of the last century, attached to Scotchmen that he ingeniously changed his name to Almack. I believe that the relation to the rooms of Neil Gow, the great fiddler, who said that no man could play with effect till he cried at his own playing, thus began. Certain great ladies, of whom Lady Jersey was one of the principal, were the Patronesses of these balls; and no one could receive an invitation except by application to them. The seven battalions that form the brigade of Guards; and here I trust that no reader will commit the social shibboleth of even thinking of any troops but the Foot Guards when the term 'Guards' is used; have about 150 officers: the reader will be surprised to learn that of this number, many of them young and dancing men, not more than fifteen were invited in any one year. This is the legend: and, I believe, it is founded on truth. The Duke of Wellington has been blamed by shallow people for placing

his name on the Patronesses list The Duke had the good sense wishing to attend the balls, to do as other men did, and to take his chance with them

The Bearskins of the Officers of the Guards are usually kept in boxes which can be opened at both ends, in order to preserve their raven down of darkness The Duke however for some good reason, invariably removed his bearskin from the box in which it was put aside with his own hands and preferring the appearance of the head dress when so treated, pulled it out so as to make

> Each particular hair to stand on end

I can conceive nothing more exhilarating than to have had the opportunity of breathing the air of good sense which surrounded the Duke To listen to his clearly and tersely expressed opinions on various subjects must have been refreshing in the highest degree and those are much to be envied who had these opportunities

I have read an interesting letter written by Right Hon William Windham to General Robert Craufurd when in Spain, in which the Minister expresses his regret that the 40,000 men about to be sent on the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, should not be landed in the Peninsula Toward the end he says "I begin to think that your chief (the Duke) is really possessed of military talent, and I am sorry that the troops will not be placed under his command in the Peninsula Depend upon it no expedition can

succeed, however well organized, that is placed under the command of such a man as the Earl of Chatham."

This prophecy was too sadly fulfilled.

The Duke's political career is an answer to those shallow persons who declare that in Politics nothing is required beyond good sense.

To do anything well requires good sense; whether to paint a picture; or to amputate a limb: and anyone attempting to do either of these things, unless they have good sense will inevitably fail; but the most sensible reader, unless he be a specialist, would hesitate to paint a picture, or even to amputate a leg. In the former case he would only bring ridicule upon himself; in the last he would inevitably cause the death of the patient.

The government of a country such as ours, with its political system more complicated than that of any nation that ever existed, is hardly to be taken up in middle life; or carried on successfully by men possessing no quality except good sense.

There is a passage in *Prince Albert's Golden Precepts*, 1862, in which the Prince Consort says "Nobody will tell me that Genius would not take an incomparably higher flight, if supplied with the means which knowledge can impart: or that Common Sense does not become only truly powerful, when in possession of the materials upon which Judgment is to be exercised". Applied Good Sense will do wonders: Good Sense without special knowledge and application will not govern States. This, however, is a notion which is evidently fast dying out.

Having been an observer for many years of the House of Commons, its ways, and the best method for its treatment, I should say that to influence it requires a man of exceptional intellect, unlimited energy, unwearied perseverance, and, above all, for him to have made it the speciality of his life

The Duke passed the best years of his life elsewhere, and though early holding office as Secretary for Ireland, a good seven years had been passed by him away from his country

That he did his best no one can doubt that his best was a failure few will hesitate to say

The common idea that Napoleon called us a 'Nation of Shopkeepers' is a delusion. The Phrase was never used as quoted the term 'Nation boutiquiere' was used, not by Napoleon, but by Barrère in a speech made in the National Assembly on the subject of Lord Howe's victory of the 1st June The speech was delivered on 28 Prairial, Monday, June 16th 1794 The passage is this "Let Pitt then boast of this victory to his 'Nation boutiquiere' Already do the English newspapers announce that a division of our fleet has taken a Dutch convoy But we can tell you better news Not a day passes but the commerce of our enemies affords us provisions of wealth Here then is what the French Marine has done now that it is rid of its vermin Nobility"

The speech is to be found in 'The Register of the Times', published 1794, page 72 Some pages earlier, page 0, another delusion is dispelled The following signed by Lord Howe,

is the 'List of French Ships captured on the 1st day of June, 1794:

La Juste	80 guns;
Sans Pareil	80 „
L'America	74 „
L'Achille	74 „
Northumberland	74 „
L'Impétueux	74 „
Vengeur	74 „ : sunk almost

immediately upon being taken possession of'; not with her flag flying.

The 2nd Duke was, I should say, not unlike what his father had been in middle life: a thin, hollow face, the configuration of the head of the same sort; but smaller than his father's; a very pleasant, and kind smile; having rather the manner of an 'enfant gaté'; who, being born to everything that the world can give, did not derive much enjoyment from the gift.

As a rule, good-natured; and willing to go out of his way, and to take a little trouble to do anyone a kindness; an acute observer, and a good reader of character. He once wrote to me that he had never presumed to wear his father's sword.

Immediately on inheriting Apsley House he removed the boards which had been placed on the front railings, to prevent a crowd assembling to see the 1st Duke mount and dismount from his horse; saying at the time "I don't think a crowd is ever likely to assemble to see me get on to my horse."

He had a good seat himself on horseback; and was by no means unlike his father when mounted, at a certain distance.

He once or twice said that I ought to come to Apsley House, and make a catalogue raisonnée of the various objects that had belonged to his father. Wishing, of course, not to intrude I did not remind him of this suggestion. I regret it now, although pains have evidently been taken, in showing the objects of great interest that are displayed there.

The Duke told me that the amount of manuscript found after his father's death was beyond all belief.

As regards the historical exclamation of the Duke "Up, Guards, and at them!" it is too theatrical, and not like him. My own belief is that, having given the general order to advance through his Staff Officers, he rode along the flank of the Battalions of Guards, who were lying down by order; the Duke probably used a well known phrase "Now, Guards, up and at 'em, up and at 'em!", just as a school boy would say "Up and at him!"

The Duke himself said he could not remember whether he had said it, or not.

The Duke was asked whether he cared much about an exceptionally good dinner, his questioner added that Lord Douro was particularly fond of what was nice. The Duke replied "I like a good dinner when it is set before me. Douro will take the trouble to order one." A large section of the discriminating portion of Mankind will answer as the Duke.

A lady said to the Duke "I suppose, Duke, during your life you have inspired a great

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A lady said to the Duke [illegible] during your life you have [illegible]

of admiration, and enthusiasm among women, *both abroad and at home*". The Duke at once replied "Oh, yes, plenty of that! plenty of that! but no woman ever loved me: never in my whole life."

It is known that the Duke, being asked to present the sum bequeathed to the bravest man in the British Army, refusing it himself, selected General Sir James Macdonnell, who divided the money with Sergeant Graham, of the Coldstream Guards, who assisted him in *closing the door at the rear of Hougomont*. This shut out a party of Frenchmen; who had crept round under the western wall. I knew Sir James Macdonnell well. He carried his recklessness, as regards fire, into old age. On one occasion I was shooting with a large party in Berkshire. The coppice was very dense; it was difficult to see a few yards in front. We noticed, however, that every now and then a gun was fired immediately in front of the line; apparently about fifteen yards. A gentleman who was shooting on my right said "Who can that be in front?". I went forward and discovered Sir James Macdonnell. He appeared totally regardless of the circumstance that at any moment a charge of shot might be lodged in the small, or rather the large, of his back. I remonstrated with him; but I have forgotten whether he changed his position. However, he was not shot.

The deputy quarter-master-general, who was in attendance on the Duke's person at Waterloo was one of his favourite officers; and I believe

that the Duke felt his death more than that of anyone else Sir William de Lancey resembled the Duke in face, and the idea obtained at one time that the French deliberately fired at him under the impression that he was the Duke of Wellington He was close to the Duke when killed

The Duke, in after life said that he could not remember whether he wore a cloak at Waterloo or not He wore one in the early part of the day, in the afternoon when the weather became warmer he took it off Sir William de Lancey, for the Duke's convenience was fastening the Duke's cloak on to the front of his, Sir William's saddle he being dismounted At this moment he was struck fatally Believing that he would die in a few minutes he urged his attendants to leave him and join the battle This heroic action it is to be feared cost him his life He was found the next morning alive and lived for some days longer in Brussels Possibly had his wound been attended to at the moment, his valuable life might have been spared A sharp frost on the night of the 18th saved many lives Sir William de Lancey was buried in the old cemetery at Brussels, where I saw his grave last year his body has lately been transferred to the new one

The Duke said that he was slandered from a boy Horace Walpole tells us that Calumny usually selects some innocent action and places upon it its own false, and foul interpretation The more honourable and straightforward was the Duke's career, the less woul[illegible] [illegible]re

ciated by his miserable slanderers. The Duke felt that his shoulders were broad enough; and he disregarded his enemies, and their lies, as being ephemeral. As he said in one place, "I have acted according to the best of my judgment: and what the enemy says of me, and what they say of me at home, I do not care". This was the summing up of his great mind.

I visited Apsley House on the 20th of March 1889, by the kind permission of the Duke of Wellington; and made a careful and minute inspection of all that had belonged to the great Duke. His Orders, Bâtons, Swords, complimentary plate, and splendid sets of dinner and dessert services are admirably arranged in a room on the ground floor. The late Duke some years ago showed them to me. They were not then in the perfect order in which they now are. Among the Orders there is one that is exceptionally noticeable. The ordinary military Cross of the Bath is of white enamel. After Waterloo the King granted to the Duke of Wellington and to Lord Anglesey to add to the top of the cross a Royal Crown,

The colossal statue of Napoleon by Canova, holding a small Globe in his right hand surmounted by a statue of Victory is no doubt placed in its present position, the inner hall, because there was nowhere else to put it: its proportions dwarf the house.

The Duke when he purchased the statue, of Canova, made the obvious remark that the Globe was much too small for the figure. Canova, with

Italian adroitness, replied "Your Grace forgets that Great Britain is not included (La grande Bretagne n y est pas comprise)

Pompey s Statue at Rome gives a far finer idea he holds the Globe in his left hand as with disregard

In one room on the 1st floor is a portrait of Mr Perceval the Prime Minister paintully like Robespierre In the same room is the well known picture by Wilkie of the Chelsea Pensioners receiving the news of Waterloo When this picture was first produced, someone sharper than the average, at once detected a fault a serious anachronism The intelligent reader to whom no doubt the print is familiar, may exercise his or her ingenuity in finding out what this is Opposite to the Wilkie is I think, the only poor work that Sir Edwin Landseer ever executed It is of Van Amburgh in a Cage of Lions it is faulty in almost every respect The Lions have retained none of their dignity and as for Van Amburgh, he looks as if he were stuffed with sawdust

In the Ball Room, bringing pleasant recollections are some of the best pictures At the Eastern end is a fine portrait of Charles I by Vandyke, at the opposite end an indifferent copy of a picture from Correggio Over the central mantelpiece is a beautifully soft sketch by Murillo of Isaac blessing either Esau or Jacob Apropos of this picture, I appealed to my friend, an Ex Lord Chancellor, who accompanied me, as to whether the bequeathment could not have been set aside He replied "Certainly

Looking at the beautiful Titian, of V us,

which is in this room, I quoted Lord Byron's well-known couplet

I've seen much finer women ripe and real
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.

The Ex-Chancellor said "Do you know of whom Lord Byron wrote that?" I replied in the negative. He said "He wrote that of Lady Charlemont". Lady Charlemont I knew well. She was by birth a Birmingham, a descendant of a very ancient family, the Lords Athenry. She was for many years a Lady in Waiting to the Queen; and certainly in old age had traces or extraordinary beauty. I have dined with her and Lord Charlemont in Grosvenor Street: and have seen in their dining room the original picture by Hogarth, 'The Lady's Last Stake.'

In the room in which the 1st Duke received his guests at balls, there is a well-known picture of Waterloo by Sir William Allan. I believe it was of this that the Duke said "Very good! not too much smoke". The painting is supposed to be taken from Napoleon's position; and at the moment, when his last column was advancing. Other incidents are represented, which occurred during the day; but certainly not at the same time. In this room is a poor portrait of Sir Thomas Picton; and several more or less grotesque representations of the Duke's friends, some of whose names have disappeared from history. Colonel Gurwood, the Duke's Secretary, and Editor of his Dispatches, is there in a curious dress. It is that of Squire to the Duke as a Knight of the Bath. In the room used for the supper-room at the Duke's balls, are several

portraits of European Sovereigns, presented by them to him none of the slightest merit. The poor Emperor of Austria with his red pantaloons appears to be in the last stage of decrepitude

Over the chimney piece in the supper room is a terrible portrait of George IV almost so bad as that of William IV in another room, by Wilkie I do not know which is the most grotesque King William is stripped down with enormous spurs and looking as miserable as a jovial sailor would do in a General s uniform George IV is depicted in a dress the most picturesque in the world, if worn by a well shaped man, with a good leg and foot these the King had, but Wilkie has contrived to make the portrait revolting

George IV, as is well known attended a ball at Holyrood Palace dressed as a Highlander His Majesty had become corpulent at the time, and could hardly have 'set off the dress but he made the mistake of wearing a coat of the same tartan as the kilt This might have been done with good effect by Prince Charles Edward, who was a handsome young man, but the simplicity of the tartan material is quite unsuited to the velvet cuffs, embroidered with gold, which George IV added to it. The sporan is too small and short, and should have been dark, not white The hose, of the Royal colours, red and white, are unbecoming in themselves, but instead of reaching to three inches below the knee, as good sense and art would dictate, they are fastened round the centre of His Majesty s calves, and Wilkie has not even given him a good foot, which he

certainly had to the last. The kilt is too short: indeed it would be difficult to find a much worse work of art in the history of Portraiture: and that is saying a good deal.

We have all read that at a subsequent ball, also in the Gallery of Kings at Holyrood, Sir William Curtis, a plethoric Alderman of London, appeared also in a kilt; to the boundless disgust of His Majesty, with whose person, of course, disagreeable comparisons were made.

The silver-gilt statue of the Duke by Alfred Count d'Orsay in this room is good. Criticism has been passed upon it that he has reduced the horse's flanks too much. In this statue the Duke wears the sword which I have described elsewhere as having been given him in India. The sword itself is contained in one of the horizontal cases of swords below. It is of distinctly Oriental character, and has a somewhat convex scabbard.

Descending to the ground floor I asked if we could see the Duke's bedroom. The housekeeper replied that we could see it: but that it was no longer in the same condition in which it originally had been. When the 2nd Duke showed me over Apsley House, he pointed out his father's bedroom. It could hardly be dignified by the name of room: it was a closet. This closet is gone: but I found the precise spot where the bedstead stood. The bed was one that had belonged to Napoleon: and was in the style of the Empire. Anyone, in the least taller than the Duke, could not have laid at full length upon it: it looked very uncomfortable: the head of the bed was close to the

half door, which still exists, outside which is a small balcony directly leading to the garden. I hope that this spot may not be lost sight of, I am perfectly certain as to the locality. This room, in the north west corner of which the closet existed containing the bedstead, is now known as the Garden Room. The rooms now built beyond it were, I believe, at the time of my earlier visit, occupied by the stables.

I was much struck with the excellence of the bookcases in the Library. They seemed to me not only in refined taste, but to be admirably suited for their purpose. I hope that the Duke of Wellington may be induced to place a small label upon every item of furniture in the house that belonged to his grandfather. It will make them priceless.

I induced my school-fellow, Mr Webb of Newstead, to do this with the articles that had belonged to Lord Byron, and I am pleased to know that he did so.

I was invited to a party at Apsley House on what, in a small way, was an historical occasion. It was the first night on which Disraeli wore the Garter. He had, of course, as well the broad ribbon and the star, the latter made of magnificent diamonds presented to him by Sir Richard Wallace, who had inherited the star from Lord Hertford.

The Duke detested being helped, not from ingratitude, but from two distinct feelings, one that he did not like to be thought, what he certainly was not, decrepit, the other that he knew very well that the majority of persons

who helped him simply did so in order to be able to say that they had done so. This was to him revolting. Standing opposite to Apsley House in the evening in Piccadilly, when the street was even more crowded than it is now, the Duke was hesitating on the curbstone. A gentleman nearly so old as himself, made some demonstration of assisting him to cross the road: endeavouring to check the tide of cabs and other vehicles that was setting strongly. When the Duke reached the gate of Apsley House, he touched his hat; and said "I thank you, Sir". The elderly stranger immediately uncovered: holding his hat at his knee, he addressed the Duke as follows: "My Lord, I have passed a long, and not uneventful life; but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived". The Duke looked at him calmly; and in a voice, not in the least choked by emotion, replied "Don't be a damned fool!" and walked into Apsley House.

I was on duty with the Guard of Honour the 1st Life Guards at the lying-in-state of Duke at Chelsea Hospital; on what was ca 'the select day'. I believe that there were more than thirteen thousand persons admi We marched from the Hyde Park Barrac the early morning. It was blowing a gale the east; and the men were cloaked. W ordered to wear our cuirasses, though dismo and I need hardly say that a Lifeguards full uniform, and wearing a heavy cloa object upon which the wind may oper

telling effect when we were crossing Sloane Square I thought my squadron would be blown out to sea However, we weathered the gale The dress which the Officers wore, possibly from being unusual, I thought very picturesque A broad black silk weeper covered the front of the helmet, and hung down the back A black silk scarf crossed the cuirass from the shoulder to the hip, and our gauntlets, instead of being white, were black Our swords held all day with the point downwards The room in which the Duke's coffin was placed was too small for so great an occasion A sort of bedstead lighted up with numerous candles, sconces etc was, I should say, copied from an old print of Marlborough's Lying-in-State There seemed to me a want of Simplicity, and in its place an amount of gewgaw which was not in character with either the circumstances, or the man Being a Member of Parliament, I was not on duty with my Regiment at the Duke's funeral, so I had an opportunity of witnessing the Procession as well as the Ceremony in St Paul's The Course of the Procession was along the Mall, Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, Pall Mall and thence westward Contrary to expectation the day was beautifully fine I rode from the Hyde Park Barracks, wearing the uniform of the 1st Life Guards, when not on duty, and met the procession near Buckingham Palace I waited near Stafford House to see them pass, rode on, and, when I arrived at the foot of the Duke of York's steps, found that what might have been a serious difficulty had occurred I had noticed, when going off guard a few days before, that the little gutter which runs to the

west of the Duke of York's steps in the Park, had been covered with new gravel. This was soft; and the result, as might have been expected, was that the enormously massive car, weighing many tons, stood still. No amount of exertion could produce the slightest movement. One of the standard-bearers, Lieutenant-Colonel Purvis, Equerry to the Duchess of Cambridge, finding that the car was immovable, asked me to ride back and tell the Officer Commanding at the head of the column that the procession must halt. I accordingly galloped off along the Mall, through Stafford House Gate, up St James's Street, and along Piccadilly, telling each of the Officers Commanding Brigades what had happened. I then returned down Constitution Hill; and was glad to find that the car had been moved; and had already gone some way towards its destination.

Anything more impressive than the reception which the Duke's body received cannot be imagined. Few of the millions of London but contrived to see some part of it. Every atom of space, that could be utilized, was occupied. The bands at intervals played Handel's magnificent 'Dead March'; as also Beethoven's 'On the Death of a Hero'; the former producing by far the finer effect. I rode through Whitehall to the river-steps near the House of Commons: sent back my horse: and by the steamboat, which was waiting there, reached St Paul's Chain. Thence I walked up to the Cathedral: finding my place among other Members of the House of Commons, some time before the procession arrived. The dome of the Cathedral

was lighted with gas, and black curtains had been drawn over the windows, so that the light from above might be thrown on to the coffin, the remainder of the Cathedral being in gloom Unfortunately for the effect the day turned out brilliant I remember while we were waiting seeing Count Walewski the French Ambassador, standing up conspicuously among the diplomatic corps, so that everyone might see him This was no doubt done at the wise suggestion of the reigning Emperor of the French The service, always beautiful was well performed, and the fine chapter from the Epistle to the Corinthians being read by the Poet Dean Milman, the coffin was lowered, the effect of the 'Dead March in 'Saul, on the organ, was very poor It could be scarcely heard, the organist, by way of being pathetic, playing it too piano There should have been a large band in the Cathedral to play this glorious melody

The following admirably written Article from *The Times* of November 18th, 1852, made a great impression on me at the time

'Before the most honourable tomb this country can give closes over the remains of our great General and Statesman, our old and faithful servant and support, it is natural to pause, and cast yet another lingering retrospect on the career about to be so gloriously closed Much has been written on this fruitful theme, but few can fail to observe that the sterling, and genuine character of the Duke of WELLINGTON gains more by careful and critical analysis than by the most brilliant bursts of rhetoric, or best

sanctified dignity of age. Let us, then, before we give to the dust one who was so lately a Mighty Presence among us, cast once more a glance over that wondrous life, and trace out the causes of his Greatness, and our Regret.

Who can tell what would have been the state of Europe, or of England during the last half century, or at this moment, had Arthur Wellesley never lived; or had his race been cut short by the bullet or the sabre under the walls of Seringapatam?

Without the slightest personal ostentation, with a simplicity of character utterly alien from display or egotism, such was the force of his talents, and the vigour of his energies, that he became the life and soul of every transaction in which he took part, and the prominent figure in almost every one of the long series of historical pictures in which he must always be included. It is ever difficult to separate the history of the Campaign from the biography of the General, but in the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington they become absolutely identical. Calm amidst dangers and indefatigable after Fights and after Marches, he preserved in either capacity the same mind which Adversity could not depress nor Prosperity elate; the same self-sacrificing caution which checked the ardour of an advance; and the same firm and unbounded reliance in his own Genius and in the valour of his troops, which often wrung Victory out of defeat, and converted a momentary disaster into a permanent triumph. Without him there would probably have been no Assaye; without him there would certainly have been no Waterloo.

The same quick glance, and unfaltering hardihood detected in both the possibility of Victory amid the elements of danger Yet this daring man was not more daring than cautious The masterly retreat into Portugal the lines of Torres Vedras, and the advance into the South of France all testify that the one quality was as natural to him as the other Unlike ordinary campaigners, the whole events of the War he conducted bear the impress of his single mind and our interest is, in spite of ourselves concentrated on the General

'Nor should it be forgotten, in estimating the claims of this greatest of our warriors to our Gratitude and Respect, that the Duke of WELLINGTON had to create the Military System under which he conquered, and which he has bequeathed to us The complete system of the Commissariat which facilitated so much the operations of his later Campaigns, was the creation of his untiring diligence the painful result of his unremitting labour He found our army a disorganized mass, he left it, at the end of the Peninsular War, an instrument of destruction as complete and efficient as Genius ever framed, or skill ever wielded

'Nothing that related to the comfort of the soldier was to him a matter of indifference His method of cooking, the time, and manner of receiving his pay, and many other things, which to ordinary minds would appear below the dignity of the heroic stature, were objects of constant attention to him, while he was manœuvring in the face of a powerful and skilful enemy, was striving to animate his allies with

his own spirit; cajoling half a dozen obstinate, and intriguing Juntas; checking the anxiety of the English Ministry for a little bloodshed, to help them through the Parliamentary Campaign; advising Spain on the treatment of her revolted colonies; and entering into financial speculations to obtain funds for the payment of his Army.

'Without this spirit, which could dare everything and endure everything, which could grasp the mightiest events, yet not neglect the smallest details, it is indeed difficult to conceive how the Peninsular War could have been carried on to a successful termination. The Duke of WELLINGTON alone of all whom history mentions soared superior to mere good fortune, and impressed upon the proceedings of the day the unvarying stamp of his own Vigilance, and Genius. We are, therefore, justified in concluding that we were successful because we had him for our Commander; that he was not carried on by an irresistible tide of events, but made for himself those opportunities which he knew so well how to improve.

'If this was not also the case in his Political Career, it was probably because he had to deal with events over which no individual mind can exercise a commanding influence; but even here, dangers, which he could not avert were clearly foreseen; justly appreciated; and prudently met. The Simplicity, Uprightness, and Massiveness of his character, free from all those perplexing influences of Vanity, Passion, Irresolution, or Selfishness which blind the vision of ordinary mortals, gave his firm, and impassible glance a peculiar and inexplicable intuition into the

immediate results of every conjuncture of affairs civil or military. The medium was clear, solid and without a flaw, and the refraction was free from distortion or the delusive brilliancy of prismatic colouring.

A want of the imaginative faculty rendered him, it is true, a just rather than a farsighted observer; but if the range of mental vision was limited, the vision within those limits was exquisitely and unerringly correct. Like Themistocles he could foresee the better and the worse, and like him by the mere effort of natural Genius he could always strike out the course that ought to be adopted. Such a power, limited as it was to the more immediate results of existing conjunctures, was the highest perfection of the Practical Intellect; had it extended to more remote contingencies, it would have been not Intuition but Inspiration.

'Almost the only good fortune we can ascribe to this extraordinary man was, that his position in life gave him, in common with thousands of others, who are gone down to the grave unremembered, an easy access to the sphere of Command and Activity, and that his mental qualities were such as eminently qualified him to be of the utmost service to his country, in an age of War from without, and of Faction and Tumult from within. If his Caution and Valour repeatedly saved us from the most imminent danger, his Wisdom, Patriotism, and Moderation preserved us at least as frequently from internal discord, perhaps from Revolution. The very narrowness of the political school in which he was educated probably served his

ountry just as effectually as his more brilliant ualifications. A man more desirous of Popularity, nore open to Impulse, more carried away by Imagination, and Feeling, would never have obtained that hold over the minds of the Aristocracy which the Duke of WELLINGTON so frequently exerted at critical and dangerous moments.

'A weak man advising concession, a timid man advocating conciliation, or a vain man speaking on the popular side, would have carried but little weight; but when the strong, the bold, and single-minded soldier counselled peace, and compromise, it would have argued desperate rashness in the House of Peers to have resisted the opinion of one whose Judgment was neve swayed by fear, and whose Wisdom nev courted, nor shunned the applause of the m titude. How often has the Duke of WELLINGTON interposed between his own Order and its Passions and Prejudices! How often has the dauntless soldier been the advocate and counsellor of Peace!

'Nothing shows more clearly the intellectual stature of the man than the undoubted fact that, bowed down as he was by the unceasing toils of more than eighty years, he was, up to the last moment of his life, not only a mighty Memory and Glorious Record of the heroic past, but an actual Power whose existenc every one knew; and whose intervention th Country was ready at any moment to invok Having survived the Generals, the Subalter and the Armies he commanded, his frien his colleagues, and his subordinates in off he still remained the Great Mediator betw

the conflicting powers of the State the adviser of the Crown and the moderator of the Peers.

'But he is gone suddenly though not prematurely, with his years and his honours and where shall we find the man who can in the slightest degree fill the void which a Personage so august has left behind him?

'There has been but one such subject since England was a Monarchy and a wonderful combination of circumstances must occur before there can be such another. We are not of those who underrate the existing generation of men in order to render exaggerated and often undeserved honour to their predecessors. There is not another actor on the political scene whose place cannot be supplied but never the place once filled by ARTHUR WELLESLEY. Truly we may say to those who would treat the death of THE DUKE as a theme for reviving old party dissensions, who contrast his political with his military career and introduce the paltry criticism of partisanship into their estimate of a *character too vast to be held in the bonds of faction, even as DAVID said when they told him of the death of ABNER. Know ye not that a Prince, and a Great Man has fallen this day in Israel?*'

As Johnson has wisely said, 'Patriotism (sham Patriotism, 'the good of his country') 'is the last refuge of the scoundrel. The Duke's patriotism was pure. So consummate was his Honesty that the somewhat feeble question put by him "How is the King's Government to be carried on?" did not bring any imputation upon his good faith.

Of course to a Statesman this question is hardly an argument. The duty of a Statesman is to do his best to carry on the King's Government; and at the same time to withstand noxious measures. The Duke ultimately surrendered his position in relation to any measure, however much he disapproved: and, wonderful to relate, he openly declared to his enemies that he expected that they would beat him. His well-known statement in the House of Lords in relation to Civil War was founded upon Knowledge and Generosity; but his declaration that he would sacrifice his life sooner than see his beloved country plunged into Civil War for one month, however admirable in sentiment, was surely Imprudence itself; at any rate it certainly led to his defeat.

On one occasion a member of the King's Cabinet apologizing to the rest for not knowing so much as many of them, the Duke turned to him, and said "Don't apologize: you know quite as much as you can digest."

I have alluded to the saying 'What a shocking bad hat'. There was another phrase known in my childhood: 'No mistake'.

Everyone added to what they had said 'and no mistake'. 'There is a fine horse and no mistake'; 'There is a fine woman and no mistake'; That was a fine speech and no mistake'; 'I am quite ready and no mistake'; 'He has got it now and no mistake'; etc. etc. ad infinitum.

This saying, apparently unmeaning, originated in the following circumstance. Mr Huskisson,

the eminent statesman, being a member of the Government of which the Duke was the head voted in the Opposition lobby, on a Division in the House of Commons The Duke who had no idea of Insubordination wrote to the wanderer at once to say that the Sovereign would accept Mr Huskisson's resignation Mr Huskisson wrote back to say that he had received the Duke's letter and that there must be some mistake The Duke answered in his usual terse style "There is no mistake there has been no mistake and there shall be no mistake and out went Mr Huskisson This became known and gave rise to the slang saying

I was introduced to the Duke by my mother at an evening party at Lady Laura Meyrick's 30 Curzon Street, May Fair The Duke shook hands with me very kindly I leant forward and said distinctly "Your Grace may possibly remember my father, Sir James Fraser" He answered "I remember him perfectly in the 7th Hussars His manner, particularly to young people, was always most gratifying He always seemed pleased and though frequent presentations must have bored him, he never showed this in his manner

The 1st and 2nd Dukes both had the same defect, a most uncomfortable one, their tongues being too large for their mouths, this made them both occasionally inarticulate The 1st Duke overcame this defect by placing the point of the tongue so low down as possible in the mouth. This gave a cavernous, and peculiar

sound. The Duke's voice when addressing the House of Lords was most sonorous and never to be forgotten.

There is no subject relating to the termination of the Great War, upon which more bitter things have been said than the execution of the prince of the Moscowa. I have no wish here to go into the circumstances which lead to his death; but there was one person who unquestionably was grossly wronged in the affair, and that was the Duke of Wellington. All the Envy and Malice which had accumulated during his brilliant, and honest career was poured upon him at this juncture. It has been said a hundred times that he could have saved Ney's life had he chosen to do so. He went every possible length with the King's Ministers to induce them to spare the life of one of the bravest soldiers that ever lived. He found his remonstrances were vain; he then endeavoured to approach the King personally on the subject. Louis XVIII. who knew perfectly well what the Duke wished, showed him gross rudeness on the occasion when he attempted to ask him to spare Ney's life; and the Duke felt that it was impossible to do more. Foolish, shallow, and malignant people have declared that such were the obligations of Louis XVIII to the Duke that he must have obeyed his slightest hint. Nothing more absurd can be conceived. The very fact of the boundless obligations which the King of France was under to his restorer put them upon more or less distant terms. The 2nd Duke told me more than once that his father said to him

often that whatever Ney deserved, he had done his utmost to prevent his execution

Ney's infatuation in refusing the tribunal of Marshals four of whom were his own comrades and insisting upon being tried by the House of Peers, teeming at that time with political excitement and rancour brought about his fate In appointing the Marshals to try him I shall always believe that the French Government wished to get out of a difficult situation but in spite of the advice of his excellent and chivalrous friend and advocate Berryer the Prince of the Moscowa absolutely refused any tribunal but that of the Peers The first words that Berryer addressed to him after the sentence were 'My poor friend you would have it so The Duke never in his life showed anything but a feeling of great Humanity great forbearance, and whatever he may have thought of Ney's conduct, and let us remember that Waterloo and its slaughter would not have taken place had it not been for Ney's joining Napoleon, he decidedly left no stone unturned to prevent his death Mr Quentin Dick, who sat in the Irish Parliament, and after the Union, in the English Parliament for many years whom I knew well, saw Marshal Ney shot, and described the execution to me

His laquais de place told him, on the morning of the fatal day, that Marshal Ney was to be shot in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, he immediately went there The weather was perfect, and the gardens were filled, as usual, with children, and nursery maids He waited at the gate, where Ney's statue now is, and where a wall

then stood. A fiacre drove up, containing the Marshal, an officer of Gendarmerie, and two sergeants. The four stepped out of the carriage. The officer beckoned to the picket of soldiers stationed on duty at the gate. Marshal Ney was dressed in a black surtout, white neck-cloth, with crape round his hat; he was in mourning at the time for (I think) his father-in-law; dark pantaloons, and Hessian boots. He wore no decoration. He was placed against the wall uttered a few words which Mr Quentin Dic could not hear; the picket fired; and th Marshal fell on his face. The body was once placed in the fiacre, which drove off; t whole transaction not occupying three minut It was all over before the nurses, and children could realize what had happened.

The official account is evidently a fabricat for it says that the body of the late Prin the Moscowa was allowed, according to la remain a quarter of an hour in a public thor fare. This, in itself, is of course absurd. Paris would have been there. I confess t yet a lingering doubt whether Ney was death. Some years afterwards, on the d the Duke de Reichstadt, a gentleman in North America, bearing a name whi this moment forget, connected with Marshal Ney, (I rather think it was his name,) hearing of the death of Napole exclaimed "Then my last hope is gon never alluded to the subject of his history, either before or after that but there were people at the time o who insisted that he might have bee

him, to prevent the Duke having any opportunity of personally asking that Ney's life should be spared, that not only did Louis XVIII turn his back upon the Duke, when he approached him; but the Comte d'Artois placed himself between the Duke and the King. The Duke felt this insult very much: and, openly, and very properly, showed his resentment. After Marshal Ney was shot, and their object was attained, every effort was made on the part of the French Royal Family to reconcile the Duke to the King. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X, called upon the Duke; and begged him, almost on his knees, to visit the King. The Duke sternly refused: pointing out that he knew perfectly well the motives that had influenced the Comte d'Artois, and others. For some time he abstained from all approach to the Sovereign.

At length, possibly from political necessities, he consented to an interview with the King on business; but I believe that he showed to the last how deeply he felt the indignity to which he had been exposed.

For the abuse lavished upon him by envious minds he cared nothing, but I know that, to the last, he felt deeply the base requital which he had received at the hands of those to whom he had given a kingdom.

The 2nd Duke of Wellington told me these facts more than once.

Among those who joined in the cry against the Duke was one who, for many reasons, ought to have known better; one who had himself met with Calumny, and who had been socially

proscribed, not because he was wickeder than many of his accusers, but because he was infinitely cleverer When Lord Byron wrote his abusive lines on the Duke of Wellington he disgraced himself They degraded him and belied his Genius Lord Byron in another place had written lines that will never perish The beautiful lines

> He who surpasses r subdues Mankind
> Must look down on the Hate of those b l w

are true

Well might he have taken example from the Duke as to what a man s conduct should be under such circumstances

On this, as on every other occasion of his life, the unbending dignity of the Duke was conspicuous and one regrets not to have seen more of this real superiority in the mental characteristics of Lord Byron

A curious incident occurred at the time when Mr Tylney Wellesley afterwards 4th Earl of Mornington who by marrying an heiress, acquired a number of other names was Master of the Mint He caused a certain number of shillings to be struck, on which the letters "T W" were placed on the lower edge of the Sovereign s neck George IV found this out, and was extremely angry I believe those shillings are at a consider able premium at this time I have seen one

The 2nd Duke told me that in examining h father s papers, of which there was an enormo accumulation he observed that except in th earlier ones, the first paragraph was not bes

with the figure 1. He conceived that this might have been from carelessness: but he ascertained from some memorandum that the Duke had done it intentionally. Indeed, as a matter of good sense, any number would be superfluous at the beginning of a document; the other numbers 2, 3, 4, etc., being carefully placed to mark the separation.

I have always thought that the Duke, at the time of the difficulty with Queen Caroline, formed a very sound, and, I am sure, a not ill-natured opinion relating to her. It appears from a book lately published that so far from the Queen having been excluded from Westminster Abbey, arrangements were made at each door for her admission: and a pew, or reserved seat, was kept for her. The Rt Hon George Bankes, of Kingston Lacy, who held office in Lord Derby's Government in 1852, told me that, as a Page, he witnessed what took place on the Queen's arrival at the Abbey. Her carriage stopped at the small gate leading to Poet's Corner, immediately opposite to the House of Lords. The Queen, with her Lady-in-Waiting, and Lord Hood, walked up the narrow passage between the railings; and at the actual door of the Abbey was received by some official, whose duty it was to inspect the tickets of persons admitted. He said that this person may or may not have known the Queen by sight: few people did. The official gentleman said to the Queen "Madam, I must ask you for your ticket". The reply was "I don't require a ticket: I am the Queen". The official made

very low bow, and looking at the Lady in
waiting said "I must ask this lady for her
ticket." None was produced. The Queen turn
ed to Lord Hood and said "My Lord, what
do you advise?" After a short pause Lord
Hood said "I really cannot advise your Majesty."
Queen Caroline hesitated, looked distressed.
The then walked slowly back to her carriage. The
Guard of Honour which had received her with
Royal honours again presented arms, and she
drove off. Not much excitement was caused
in the crowd. These statements are not alto
gether inconsistent. Had she persevered in
going into the Abbey a place no doubt would
have been kept for her, and I should think
that the Duke's generalship would have enabled
him to take care that no unseemly interruption
of the august ceremony took place.

At the time when every effort was being made
to enlist public sympathy with Queen Caroline,
various devices were resorted to, among others,
sending deputations to Brandenburg House,
Hammersmith, where the Queen was residing.
It was anxiously wished to enlist the sympathies
of the Scottish nation on her side, and as a
means of doing this

Five hundred Mile Enders
Dressed up as Highlanders

were marched to her house, and courteously
received.

Lord Redesdale told me the following sto
shortly before his death. It was felt by the de

and earnest portion of the population that a great effect would be produced if the Charity Children of London attended the Queen, and expressed to her Majesty their conviction that she was perfectly innocent. It will be remembered that Lord Denman, after an eloquent and final harangue in defence of the Queen, after protesting for a day that her Majesty's character was spotless, terminated his speech in this remarkable manner: he entreated the House of Lords to follow the example of One whose name is too sacred to be here inserted, and implored the Peers to say to her Majesty "Go and sin no more". This excited some derision among his professional brothers: however, the passage was thought not unworthy of being turned into a Hymn. Accordingly the innocent children, who were assembled in front of Brandenburg House, the Queen being on the balcony, addressed her in the following verse, set to a well-known psalm tune:

> Gracious Lady! we implore
> You will go, and sin no more:
> Or, if the effort be too great,
> Go away at any rate!

Lord M., who is now living, has told me that he remembers the Queen's entrance into London. The mob surrounded her carriage: exclaiming vociferously "God bless your Majesty: we know you are innocent: God bless your innocent son". This allusion being to William Austin, who was in the carriage. George IV seems to have been most annoyed by Alderman Wood sitting next to the Queen.

In her delirium before death, Queen Caroline never alluded to her alleged accomplice.

It has been said of the Duke that he was asked what were the rules for a good speaker in public this is a mistake The Duke was asked whether he had rules for his own speaking he said "Only two one is I never speak about what I know nothing, and the other I never quote Latin With his imperfect recollection of Latin quantities, the latter rule, as well as the former, showed his good sense

[illegible]

sequitur being, of course that he had beaten him, and therefore that he was greater He took care to point out how the Duke of Marlborough had been thwarted by the States General, and by his other Allies When reminded that the English Government had refused him what he wanted, at lea t according to the popular impression, he generously replied "No, they always yielded when I pressed them

The Duke escaped one great source of Envy, which accounted for some of the venom with which Marlborough was attacked The Duke was not a beauty Marlborough was the handsomest man of his day No one could possibly say of the Duke that his was an ugly face, teeming with character, and with good features, one woul certainly put him on the beauty side o the I

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It is said that the Duke refused written histories of himself lest he should have to contradict them very possibly this was the case except in instances where facts were [illegible] officially before him

His long reluctance to grant a Medal to the veterans of the Peninsular War at first [illegible] seems harsh One must suppose that he felt that the intricate questions of individuality involved would be insuperable The identity of the soldiers names and the various and complicated circumstances under which different Regiments were engaged would no doubt have led to very great difficulties. I believe that he gave this as a reason for his objection still it seems a pity that when the heart of the nation was honourably, and justly set upon this he did not show a greater willingness to accede to the request. The concession was ultimately brought about entirely by the personal exertions of the late Duke of Richmond who deserves every credit for fighting the battle of the Old Soldiers.

Knowing, as one does the great value that soldiers attach to these things it must have been very hard for a man who had been through a dozen severely fought battles in the Peninsula to see a youth half his age who had smelt powder for the first time at Waterloo, wearing a decoration while he, having lost possibly a limb or an eye should have nothing to show for his long services

The Duke no doubt was occasionally angry, and probably with just cause, at the careless

conduct of his *Regimental* Officers; but their behaviour at Waterloo, many of them never having been in action before, roused the enthusiasm even of his philosophical nature. He describes them behaving as if they were playing at cricket. Most of us have read the well-known passage in Montalembert, where he describes the Duke as saying "The battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton". The manliness of that great school told upon his Officers.

The Duke said that Strathfieldsaye, which seems to have been bought in a hurry, in order to be presented to him, would have ruined any other man.

Apsley House, which has been called 'No. 1. London', was, when purchased for the Duke, of red brick; and belonged, I believe, to Lord Bathurst. *Like most corner houses, it is, I should* say, a cold house in the winter; three sides being exposed; but it is bright and cheerful; the situation very healthy; and easy of access to the Parks and the west end of London generally.

No man ever extorted Admiration, without much valuing it, more than the Duke of Wellington. Johnson wisely says in his preface to Shakespeare "*How easy is it to obtain Praise for him whom no man may envy!*". The Duke's character triumphed over this. He forced Mankind, as it were, to their knees: and, in the end, they could no more *shut* their eyes to his greatness than obscure the light of the sun at noon.

She seemed to take her Sovereignty as a matter of course: to be neither vain of it, nor, indeed, to think much about it. Very quick, and intelligent; with the strongest sense of humour that I have ever seen in women, taking the keenest delight in a good joke, and having, I should say, great physical enjoyment of life: yet, withal, few went through greater family misfortunes than she did: surviving all her children. It would be a great mistake to suppose that she was a person of hard, or unfeeling disposition. I have seen her more than once under circumstances that disproved this. I remember a day's journey round Beauly Firth which I took with Evan Baillie of Dochfour, Lady Jersey, and her daughter. We kept up cheery conversation all day long: and a very amusing day it was. Towards evening, by some chance, an allusion was made to her son, Augustus Villiers, usually known, why I know not, as 'Jack Villiers'; who died at Rome. From that moment I observed Lady Jersey's manner change. She hardly said anything: and, leaning back in the carriage, I saw the tears, under her veil, rolling down her cheeks. I believe that hers was one of those healthy, and elastic natures upon which Grief, although weighing heavily at the time, as with children, does not produce a lasting impression.

Lady Jersey was very intimate with Disraeli, who admired her intellectually, and philosophically, and paints her in at least one of his novels. It was to her that the Duke gave his opinion the day before he left the Premiership, not to return, "Oh, we're all right: we're not

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known, was built by Sir Thomas Gresham and on Queen Elizabeth visiting it, having at her entry remarked that it was a pity to divide the court yard by a wall, her Majesty, on rising the next morning, found that her loyal subject had removed the impediment

I have spoken of Lady Jersey's appearance I remember Madame Colloredo, for many years Austrian Ambassadress in London, speaking to me of her at Nice soon after Lady Jersey's death. Some French ladies were in the room, and the conversation was carried on in that language She turned to them and said "I will tell you what Lady Jersey was A quatre vingt ans elle portait une robe décolletée, et elle n'etait pas choquante

More remarkable than all, during a long life, passed in a most scandalous age, no word was ever uttered against her character this I know from those who saw her in Youth, and Prime

Lord Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington were at the same house at Eton The rooms were in my day in the same state as when occupied by the Duke The windows looked into the garden, through which is the path to the front door The house stands across the road to the right, when you enter Eton from the Slough road

I received the following letter from one who could not be mistaken in the matter

"My dear Fraser, "5th April, 1889

"I can give you information about the Duke's and Lord Wellesley's rooms at first hand

and his family, of her fortune. He accordingly settled it upon any daughter that might be born of the marriage. The daughter that was born was Sarah Lady Jersey; who always remained a partner in Child's bank.

Osterley is a beautiful house. I have visited it during its occupation by Duchess William of Cleveland; who was an excellent tenant of Lord Jersey's for many years.

I discovered in the Library which was purchased by Mr Child about 1770, and no book of which had apparently been touched from that time, a perfect *Faust's Bible*; and a parchment copy in manuscript with beautiful illuminations of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. These most valuable books, with many others, were lying absolutely unprotected; and at the mercy of any ignorant, and still more of any knowing, and crafty, individual. I begged that my hostess would point out the fact to the owner of the house: and they were afterwards protected by wire net.

The Collection was sold a few years ago; and fetched a very large sum; the two books I have mentioned fetching many hundreds. The furniture in every room in the house, of which, I believe, but very little has been removed, was the most perfect that could be bought at the time, 1770-1780. Every carpet, curtain, lamp, bedstead etc. were in the ideal perfection of that period; and many very valuable old pictures hang still in the bright sunny south gallery. The walls of one large square room are covered with beautiful French tapes- This bears the date. The house, as i-

known, was built by Sir Thomas Gresham and on Queen Elizabeth visiting it, having at her entry remarked that it was a pity to divide the court yard by a wall, her Majesty, on rising the next morning, found that her loyal subject had removed the impediment

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you are quite right about their being the two rooms just inside the door, and passage, between the boys' part and my own part, on the first floor.

"When I was building the rooms at right angles to the old house, I got Lord Hardinge to bring the great Duke down to my house from the Castle; and to point out his room.

"The Duke made at once for the recess or lobby, on the right hand of the passage. The Duke said 'That we called "Maidens' Bower" because the boys' maids sat there at work every afternoon'. His, and Lord Wellesley's rooms were opposite that.

"Accordingly, when I was pulling down a good deal of the old house, I religiously preserved those two rooms.

"Further; I was told at the time by an old Etonian that the Duke's name had been seen in one of the rooms cut out on some of the panelling: I searched in vain for it.

"Thirty-five years after that, when *I* was staying with Provost Goodford at the Lodge, what should I see in his Drawing-room but a picture of the Duke, with a piece of a *skirting* board or panelling, with the name cut on it 'Wellesley min., 1784'.

"I said to the Provost 'What does this mean?'

"'Oh' he said, 'that board was found in the Duke's room in your old house'. I was obliged to say 'Provost, you have been hoaxed: that was never cut out in 1784'. 'Why not?' said the Provost. 'Because in 1784 the Duke's name was "Wesley minimus", not Wellesley.'

"The Old Dean of Windsor, Wellesley, was dining there: and I appealed to him. He

gave it against me and said he had n
heard of it

"A week later he wrote to say that he
been talking to the 2nd Duke of Welling
who knew nothing of *the* Duke's bein We
min at that time. However when he w
to Strathfieldsaye he hunted up the pape
and found I was right. It was Lord Wellesle
who had changed his name five or six ye
before the Duke did

In a subsequent letter dated 7th of Apr
1889, the same excellent authority says

'I am grieved to say that when I last wen
to the old quarters to look about, I found tha
the Wellesley (or Wesley) rooms were demolished
I heard that it was not done by the present
occupant

Unless I am very much mistaken I saw the
cutting 'Wellesley min' when I went to Eton

The Origin of the well-deserved promotion
of Chaplain General Gleig is interesting. The
Duke staying in a country house was like other
great men, reluctant to go to bed early. However
he retired with the rest of the company. Re-
urning to the drawing room for a book he
aw lying on the table *The Subaltern*. The Duke
as pleased with the technical accuracy, and
onesty with which this book was written
le wrote to the publisher, and said that as it
as obvious that the author of *The Subaltern*
as an Officer, he would be very glad to assist
n. The publisher replied that the author
s a Clergyman, who had formerly served in a
giment of the Line, and that he held a

curacy in Kent. On the Duke becoming acquainted with Mr Gleig, the latter said that he had always wished to be made Chaplain to Chelsea Hospital. Later on this was done: and he ultimately developed into Chaplain-General of the Forces. I have heard him preach occasionally at Chelsea, and thought his style good; simple; terse: with not unfrequent apostrophic appeals to 'Soldiers!'. I cannot, however, quite forgive him for his dulness about the Duke's bedstead, at Apsley House.

Some one remarking to the Duke that no one could turn in such a bed, he replied "When a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time he should turn out". Gleig mangles this: making the Duke say "When a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time he should get up!"

I have said that no portrait of the Duke was like him. I had a very interesting conversation with the 2nd Duke on this subject. He said "I agree with you that none of the portraits of my father are like him". I said "I cannot account for the fact of every one representing him with hollow, 'lantern', cheeks; whereas his head was formed on the most beautiful lines; particularly the straight line from the corner of the jaw: his was a fine, massive, symmetrical head; only fit to be sculptured in granite; faultless in its proportions: a head such as you don't see twice in your life; such he was, when I recollect him". The Duke replied: "Yes, you are quite right! I will tell you all about it. You may have observed that my father, when not speaking, had a movement of

to recommend you to the King for the Bishopric of Gloucester, which has recently become vacant. Please to let me have your answer so soon as you can. Yours faithfully, WELLINGTON".

An authentic story is told of a certain noble lord, whose name I will suppress; but who held at one time a very important political position. Being on duty at the Horse Guards with the Guard of the Household Cavalry, he had occasion to write a note to the Duke of Wellington, who was in the Commander in Chief's office closely adjacent. The Duke looked at the address; and finding himself designated on it as 'Field Martial', asked with surprise where the note came from; without opening it. He was told from the Officer commanding the Guard of the Blues. The Duke sent the note back with the intimation that Captain —— had made a mistake in the address. Another note was promptly brought to the Duke, in which the word 'Martial' had been changed into a word, representing the senior member of a well-known firm in Oxford Street. This the Duke could not stand; and he told the story in every direction. It is to be hoped that in these days of examinations such an awful solecism is now totally unknown. I may say that notwithstanding his ignorance of the humble art of etymology, the individual in question played so successful a part in life as anyone of his day.

The Duke invariably wore such uniform as he was entitled to, that had relation to the circumstances in which he was placed. On any

Parade of the Guards he invariably wore his dress as Colonel of the Grenadiers. The dress which in my opinion suited him best was a Field Marshal's second dress, that is to say with the plain blue collar and cuffs, no epaulettes, but a handsome double aiguillette on his right shoulder, a gold and red sash with very handsome tassels, and the sword which I have described elsewhere with eagle head which he wore when dismounted. When mounted he wore a curved scimitar. The sword given to him in India is represented in Count D'Orsay's spirited figure of him on horseback, now in the dining room at Apsley House.

I believe that considerable jealousy was harboured against him by the Duke of Cumberland, the latter a man I cannot help believing of sinister character, and although both were Tories of the severest school I suspect they never were friends either politically or socially.

The Duke was most peremptory as regards each Regiment having distinctive marks, not only for sentiment but far more for practical purposes. As regards Regimental facings and other distinctions I am surprised that they should have been to a great extent abolished, and for this reason: it surely must be desirable that each Regiment should be distinguished, not by the enemy, but by the Officer commanding the Division or Brigade. The enemy at a moderate distance cannot possibly tell the difference between blue and green, yellow and white, nor indeed observe the facing, so long as it is confined to the cuffs and collar, whereas the

General Officer can discriminate at once and order this or that Regiment to perform this or that duty.

As regards the colour red, I am surprised that it is not so much in favour now as it used to be; the belief that it offers a conspicuous mark to the enemy is, I should say, more or less delusive. The effect of weather upon red cloth, when exposed, is to render it very soon, as we all know, of a whitish colour. Any fox-hunter's coat will testify to this. Again the men's coats being, of course, not of a brilliant scarlet, the colour is by no means conspicuous. In twilight red becomes invisible sooner than any colour. The Duke, in a dispatch from Spain, alludes to the proposal to alter the British uniform. He says emphatically "Whatever you do, our uniforms must not resemble those of any foreign country". He adds "It is absolutely necessary that I should be able to distinguish my Regiments of Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry, from the enemy's", and he gives as an illustration, that the unsightly and cruel short tails of the British Dragoon Horse at that period, were an excellent means of knowing his own Cavalry from that of the enemy.

William IV was surely right, although it caused, as I know, in the 7th and many other Regiments great annoyance, when he said that all his soldiers should be clothed in red; altering the pelisse, but not the jacket, of the Hussars into scarlet.

A serious disaster befell a British Regiment of Infantry in consequence of the orders being given at Quatre-Bras to deploy, notwithstanding

the remonstrance of its Commanding Officer to his General that the enemy's Cavalry was near. The reply he received from the General, who was not a British subject, was: "You need have no anxiety: those are your own Cavalry wearing blue." In a very few minutes the unfortunate Regiment was cut up by this very body of cavalry.

Red has been hitherto the conquering colour: surely it is worth while to retain this colour at any rate so long as it retain the character.

When General Oudinot besieged Rome in 1849 he received the strictest injunction not to damage any Work of Art, architectural or other, within the walls. Someone pointing out to the Duke that General Oudinot was a very long time getting into the Eternal City, he replied: "It is not very easy to break into a house when you mustn't crack a window."

The fact that the Duke combined Honesty with Intellect was not to be endured. Cleverness being associated in the commonplace mind with the idea of Roguery, it must have been very exasperating to find a man combining transcendent Wit with absolute purity of purpose: no wonder that the Duke, whenever opportunity offered, was maligned.

I have said that the Duke was not a Beauty, but he possessed the highest quality, in looks, of a man, that of consummate Dignity: Grace being its counterpart in Woman. No one could look at the Duke and not see that he was a gentleman, perfectly natural and simple in manner, calm philosophic Thought, combined

with unlimited Energy was shown in his face, and in his demeanour.

Disraeli told me that the best reading he had ever had was the Middle Series of the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches; from 1819 to 1832.

The history of the Duke of Wellington's Sword was told to me by the 2nd Duke at a dinner party at Lady Elizabeth Steele's, 22 Upper Brook Street. Some time afterwards the Duke, at Apsley House, placed the Sword in my hands, saying "That is my father's sword which I told you about". I have lately examined it twice in the glass case in which it lies at Apsley House. It is at present labelled "Sword worn by the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula". It has a black scabbard with a very deep gilded cap on the point with Eastern ornamentation; two loops for the 'carriers'; no guard whatever over the gripe. On returning to my chambers I examined the water-colour portrait which I have of the Duke, by Dighton. The Sword which the Duke wears in that portrait is the same as that which I have just named. I also took the opportunity of again examining in the supper-room at Apsley House the silver-gilt statuette of the Duke by Count d'Orsay. The same Sword is precisely copied in every detail in this Statuette. I may point out also that in my water-colour by Dighton the sword-knot hangs over the hand, and might be taken for a 'guard'; there is no 'guard' whatever to this sword, which is thoroughly Eastern in character. Wishing to be perfectly accurate on such a very interesting matter, I

will add that the sword worn by the Duk[e in]
the indifferent portrait of him with a c[...]
telescope etc by Sir Thomas Lawrence [...]
sword of a different character. It is appare[ntly]
French but might be of any nation. [The]
mounting is brass and there is a slight bar [...]
a guard for the hand. It is curved but of [a]
completely different character from the Easter[n]
sword given to the Duke after Assaye. Of thi[s]
I am quite certain that the sword which I
have described as such was the act[ual] sword
presented to the Duke after the [ba]ttl[e] of
Assaye.

When the allied armies in their [...]
forms occupied Paris the British soldiers appeared
in the dress in which they had fought the
campaign. This produced a great effect upon
the French and upon impartial spectators.

A soldier believes and the belief ought to
be encouraged that the character of his Regi-
ment is the one thing that he should esteem.
Some may not care much for their own character,
and still less for that of their family, nor for
the Army of which they form a part but [the]
real soldier, when appealed to in the name of
his Regiment will always feel acutely if he
has disgraced it.

[L]ord Anglesey's leg was amputated at Waterloo,
[in a] house nearly opposite the Inn which was then
[the] head-quarters of the Duke. My father was [with]
him and held his hand at the time of the [ampu-]
tation.

The origin of the flat watches, which have been popular for several generations, is curious. When the Allies took possession of Paris, there was, of course, a great demand for French watches. 'Breguet' and 'Le Roy' are names still famous. Up to that time watches had been convex; in fact they acquired the name of 'turnips' from their shape. The reason of the change of form was this. In several foreign armies, particularly the Russian, smart Colonels objected to the 'bulbous' appearance of watches either in the breast of the uniform, or the 'fob' of the nether garments; considering that they spoiled the symmetry of the figure: hence came the necessity for the watchmakers of the 'Palais Royal' to contrive a method of avoiding this difficulty; and we have since had the blessing, no small one, of flat watches. Let anyone compare his father's watch with his grandfather's; he will appreciate the change.

I have a flat watch given to my father by Lord Anglesey very soon after Waterloo. It was bought of Le Roy in 1814, and has the Earl's Coronet of Uxbridge.

The father of my friend M. S., a North Devon Worthy, accompanied the Duke on his visit to Antwerp, after Waterloo. The Duke was received there, as elsewhere, by the multitude with wild enthusiasm. They clung round his horse, and used every expression of idolatry. The Duke took not the slightest notice: and when his companion asked him if he was pleased, he replied "Not in the least: if I had failed, they would have shot me."

None of the family knew for what purpose that balcony was placed there. It not only faced the Park, but also was continued round the corner where there was no window. The purpose for which this balcony was erected was to watch the executions at Tyburn Tree.

On the first page of this volume I have not alluded to the Prince of Orange. The Prince, holding the rank of full General, was nominally the Second in Command; but it cannot be supposed that the Duke would commit the destinies of Europe to an inexperienced lad of twenty-two.

The 1st Lord Seaton, who was the Prince's Military Secretary, but who acted with his Regiment the 52nd at Waterloo, spoke of him as a 'growing lad'. Of exceptional bravery, when severely wounded, and carried from the field, he took off his principal decorations, and handed them to the Officers of the Regiment near which he fell. They still preserve them.

It has occurred to me, only as a possibility, that Lord Seaton, then Col. Colborne, being at his elbow, the Prince of Orange might have succeeded the Duke.

The Duke, writing to a very intimate friend after Waterloo, says "I never had so much trouble with a battle in my life"; speaking of it as a man would, I assume, of a domestic quarrel.

I have been told by two General Officers that they heard the Duke say, speaking of Waterloo, 'If I had had my 'Bordeaux' army at Waterloo, I'd have swept him off the face of the earth in

on reflection, and reading, as I have done carefully, the circumstances of the Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchilsea, I came to the conclusion that the Duke had selected Lord Hardinge because he was one who would do what he was told. The Duke, with his admirable shrewdness, felt that he had head enough for any mumber of men. The imputation made against the Duke was most unworthy; and it seems very much to be regretted that Lord Winchilsea did not absolutely and completely retract it. The Duke, as exceptional men do, knew clearly where Honour stops. He felt that the *imputation made against him was not* the ordinary imputation of one Statesman against another, but that it reflected upon his personal character. He had no doubt that he must, and ought to resent it. He gave his adversary every opportunity of retracting; and, according to what Lord Winchilsea's eldest son told me, fired straight at him, when on the field.

I believe that the Duke of Wellington as a boy, and young man, showed no marks of intellect. Like many men of surpassing energy, he probably found Latin grammar not to his taste. Indeed, I believe that in general the greatest minds mature latest; and are

Mellowed by the stealing hours of Time.

The attitude of the Duke, in Landseer's picture, showing the field of Waterloo to Lady Douro, makes him much too senile. On horseback, he never had that appearance in the least.

Landseer evidently felt that he could not represent his face well, and has made him turn away from the spectator. I cannot believe that the Duke ever had a yellow stripe down his white trousers.

The Duke of Wellington in a letter which he wrote in French not long after the Battle of Waterloo speaks of it as a 'bataille de Géants'; he used the same term in a speech which he made in the House of Lords on the subject of the Militia Bill, almost the last speech, and a most excellent one, which he ever delivered. He here said "it was really a Battle of Giants."

The Duke's emoluments as Generalissimo of the Allied Armies which occupied France after Waterloo were enormous. It had been agreed that these armies should remain for five years, and it was by his own strenuous and utterly disinterested exertions that the period was reduced to three. During this time it was suggested that the French army should be led against Italy by the Duke. He describes this proposal as "all nonsense."

The Duke of Marlborough was older at his first battle than the Duke at his last.

We do not know the Duke's views as regards the prudence of sending Napoleon to Elba. One is surprised indeed that such a risk should have been run. As regards his return from Elba, the matter has been imperfectly reasoned upon. It is clear that, had Napoleon waited, the [illegible]

assembled at Vienna must have come to a coolness; if not a quarrel. The reason of Napoleon's apparently premature return was that his informants told him that the Family of Orleans were intriguing for the throne. That this was true is confirmed by the fact that on hearing that Napoleon had landed at Frèjus, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, the arch-intriguer, advised Louis XVI, previous to his leaving France, to make the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. This seems very like an attempt on the Throne, developed earlier than its projectors intended.

The word 'Wellington' inscribed on the Waterloo Medal is, I should say, the only case of a man wearing a medal bearing his own name. The medal has not much pretension as a work of art, but is inoffensive. It is a curious illustration of the different extrinsic values which these things possess that it became necessary to make the Medal a 'Soldier's Necessary'; so that he would be punished if he sold, or pawned it. I assume that it was made of silver, so that the soldier might attach more value to it: the secret of the preservation of these things is that the material of the article should be valueless, the extrinsic value priceless.

I assume that to one in the position of the Duke whose every word would be valued and repeated, it was necessary to have a conventional courtesy of reply, which may or may not have touched his conscience. I remember perfectly at a ball at Devonshire House, standing at the

head of the white marble staircase when the Duke of Wellington walked up the stairs. He came late. I heard a lady say "I suppose, Duke, you have been to see the new play?", the occasion being, unless I am mistaken, the private performance of Lord Lytton's play *Not so Bad as we Seem* for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art. The Duke replied "Yes, I have." "What did you think of it?" "Very good indeed, very good indeed. Capital, capital, very good indeed." He then walked on into the crowd. A few minutes later I happened to be in the drawing room. I heard another lady say "Tell me, Duke, what was the play about?" "Couldn't hear a word, not a word." This, I feel sure, like my Uncle Toby's oath, must have been blotted out by the Recording Angel.

As regards the envy by which he was surrounded until the later years of his life, he, no doubt, took the practical view expressed by Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter compares one who has acquired Fame to him who gallops through a village: all the curs bark at him: he adds, with his usual good sense, that should he stop to chastise each, he would not reach the end of his journey. The Duke's view coincided with this.

I found that Mr Knox, author of novels, who lived at Brighton, had purchased every newspaper published on the announcement of the Duke's death. Should my volume come into the hands of the present owner, I should be glad to purchase the collection.

I collected the leading articles of every European Newspaper on the announcement of the death of the Emperor Napoleon III.

The Duke was one of those men whom one cannot fancy laughing. He had a strong sense of humour: like all men of clear intellect.

The Duke did everything that was possible to prevent plunder on the part of his troops in Spain: if he expressed himself with occasional bitterness about them, notwithstanding their courage, it can be accounted for by the extreme annoyance which this conduct gave him. He was, however, just: he never hesitated to praise those who, in this respect, followed his strict injunctions. He recognized the high state of discipline in which were the Battalions of Guards: and in several instances exempted them from appearing on Parade, when an execution took place, or even a reprimand was given by him to other Regiments. In a General Order, dated Cartaxo, 3rd of March, 1811, in which the finding and sentence of a General Court-Martial on a soldier for desertion and robbery is confirmed, and the sentence, that of being hanged until dead, ordered to be carried into execution, in the presence of the troops at Cartaxo, in order to deter others from the commission of similar crimes, the following is the concluding paragraph: "As during the two years during which the Brigade of Guards has been under the command of the Commander of the Forces not only no soldier has been brought to trial before a General Court Martial, but no one

has been confined in a public guard the Commander of the Forces desires that the attendance of the Brigade of Guards at the execution to morrow may be dispensed with

In an earlier part of this work I told the story of President Grant dining at Apsley House I regret that I asked the 2nd Duke what really took place However as the reader has had the full enjoyment of the story I must now, in the interests of truth state what the Duke told me happened He said that during dinner General Grant kept trying to get him to say what was the greatest number of men that his father had commanded in the field The Duke added 'I saw what he was at if I had said forty or fifty thousand men, he would have replied 'Well, I have commanded a hundred thousand , so I was determined not to answer his questions as to this and I succeeded

William IV made an excellent change in the dress of the army He insisted upon the Officers of his Regular Troops wearing Gold lace, of the Irregular, Silver It appears hard that a man who has gone round the world, and devoted his life to serving in the most unhealthy climates and who has been repeatedly in action, should wear the same uniform as one who has never left his own County As regards the enemy being supposed to distinguish between the Militia and Regular Regiments, the Militia Regiments have always shown themselves to be quite equal to their brethren in arms, indeed more than one of the battles in Spain was won

mainly by men who had just joined from the Militia. The notion that, at a quarter of a mile, or indeed at a hundred yards, after a little bad weather, the enemy could distinguish between gold and silver lace seems ludicrous.

When the Duke was asked about the new conical bullet, he said "Not less than an ounce; or it will not break a horse's leg"; meaning, of course, that the diameter should not be less than that of an ounce ball. This particular advice was not understood, nor followed.

It has been said that the words 'Glorious', and 'Glory', do not occur in the Duke's Dispatches. As a matter of historic truth, this is not the case. They do occur: but the Duke never appealed to them as an incentive to his soldiers.

An instance of the Duke's shrewdness, and self-respect occurred at the opening of the great Exhibition of 1851. While waiting for Her Majesty to arrive, a Chinaman, in his native costume, walked into the inner circle of the Ministers, Court etc., and addressed the Duke. The latter saw at a glance that the man was of no importance in his own country, beckoned to a policeman, and had him instantly removed.

The Crown has no longer the power to create Irish peers. When Disraeli was asked whether an Irish Peerage was valuable, I heard him say "Valuable! why the World is governed by Irish peers; look at Castlereagh, and Palmerston."

At one time much nonsense was talked
regards the valueless character of Prestige
Lord Russell sneered at it The Duke had t
much good sense to take such views He kne
that the dominant power of England as prove
in 181 and the Prestige of his own name
preserved the Peace of Europe for forty years
He was the Keystone of Europe in Peace No
sooner was he gone than difficulties began and
developed into a bloody and more or less
useless War Such was the opinion held of
his Wisdom, and Honesty by European States
men that not one would dare to move seriously
had he objected

Well might be applied to the Duke the word
of the great Irish Orator in relation to Lord
Chatham "The Secretary stood alone modern
Degeneracy had not reached him
Well might the Duke echo the words of
Lord Chatham, "I live for the Wise and Good
the ignorant, and the malevolent I despise
[In a private note to Sir Edward Wilmot, his
Physician]

Horace Walpole tells us that "Life is a
Comedy to those who Think a Tragedy to
those who Feel The Duke probably looked
upon Life from the former point of view His
mind was healthy enough to be able to banish,
after a time, Sorrow and Suffering It is im-
possible to conceive an Intellect such as his
to have been devoid of Sensibility, but the
iron self control, which he invariab ercised
neutralized the effect of f
use of

cleverest of his family; indeed he was a man of exceptional gifts. One trait of his Wisdom was exhibited on his death-bed. When informed by his Physicians that he could not live beyond a few days, the King at once sent for his Ministers, and said to them "I shall be dead within a week. At once reduce the five per cents.: and shackle the Press. The hatred of the middle classes (la haine bourgeoise) will be buried in my coffin. Omit to do this, and it will cost my successor his throne". His orders were not obeyed: and we know the result.

When the Duke was asked to what characteristic of his mind he attributed his invariable success, he replied "I attribute it entirely to the application of good sense to the circumstances of the moment."

The Duke, when in Spain, wisely allowed his Regimental Officers of all ranks to ride. Twaddle, of course, would denounce this, as setting a bad example to the men, and say that the Officers avoided fatigues, which the men were obliged to submit to. The Officers showed themselves, when necessary, quite capable of sharing the hardships of the men; in fact it was not unfrequent for an Officer to lend his horse to a wounded, or fatigued man; the Duke considered that the balance was in favour of their riding, and for this reason; when the Regiment arrived with the men exhausted, if the Officers had been in the same condition, but little trouble would have been taken to provide for the night: whereas the Regimental Officers being compara-

not agree particularly well. Both were men of exceptional capacity: and the Duke knew that Craufurd was, what was sadly wanting in the British army, a Scientific Soldier. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, in addition to having great intellectual power. But he was hot-tempered, and self-willed.

The first quality, I believe, the Duke did not mind; but, knowing his own surpassing Wisdom, he felt acutely being thwarted by those beneath him. I do not feel competent to criticise Craufurd's conduct in relation to the battle of the Coa; and, being his nephew, I shall not presume to do so. His reception by the Duke the following morning on Parade is well known. "I am glad to see you safe General Craufurd!". "I was never in danger". "Oh! I was". General Craufurd, walking away, said "He's damned crusty this morning!". The Duke no doubt felt that he must do one of two things, either send General Craufurd to England; or, if he could not spare him, which no doubt was the case, to do nothing. He adopted the latter course. The simple instructions to storm Ciudad Rodrigo were carried out with the greatest possible skill, and General Craufurd lost his life by placing himself in a position to [illegible] t everything was done with precise ac[illegible] 'died when in front, to the left, [illegible] e Storming Party, but

[illegible] Fo [illegible]

Du[illegible] h-bed; and

[illegible] t that

[illegible] ween

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The Duke visited him on his death-bed; and Craufurd having expressed his deep regret that there should have been a difference between them, the Duke subsequently related the con-

versation saying "Craufurd talked to me as they do in a novel." The Duke and the whole of the Staff attended General Craufurd's funeral. One of the most striking pictures I have ever seen was shown many years ago at the Gallery of Illustration. Among a series of dissolving views was one of the Duke standing alone before the High Altar in the Cathedral of Ciudad Rodrigo, looking at the coffin of General Craufurd, which was placed on a bier immediately in front of it.

I regret very much that I did not follow up an enquiry as to further minute particulars relating to the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. My dear and excellent friend, the 1st Lord Seaton, who commanded the 52nd on the night, could, I have no doubt, have told me much; and at one occasion, when staying at the Bauerfect

...essful, ...he been ...it might have ...bt, pagan saying ...an honest man' ...place a tablet to ...ater and Juno ...cathedral, but his ne down laughingly at the Church of Rome may ...mankind.

Lord Hill was supposed to some point, what confidence more than any ...ke of Brunswick have

heard when seated in the 'long low room' which Byron idealizes.

So far as History records, there was no firing whatever on the night between the 15th and 16th of June;

The car rattling in the stony street

may have suggested the idea to his imagination; but as the French army was at Charleroi; and they had no one to fire at (there had been fighting in the day), this seems to be purely fanciful. It was very remarkable, that although the firing at Waterloo was heard in Norfolk, it was not heard by the Division of the Army that was out of sight of the field towards the west. They knew nothing till the next morning.

Waterloo gave a patent of Nobility to all who were present. So long as Britain shall exist, a man who can trace his ancestry to one who fought at Waterloo, will have a position of distinction.

Probably the most popular caricatures that came out in relation to the Duke were the set by Heath in which the Duke figures as the man 'Wot drives the Sovereign'. Another is 'The Guard wot looks after the Sovereign'. The Guard (Lady C.) is made to say to the King 'Keep your eye on them leaders, George.'

When Lord Anglesey was appointed to command the Cavalry for the Campaign of 1815, some one who was intimate with the Duke remarked to him that he thought Lord Anglesey's

appointment would [illegible] in London. The Duke [illegible] cannot have [illegible] Charlotte" "Oh no [illegible] "That is not [illegible] any rate Lord [illegible] running away with [illegible] Duke calmly [illegible] don't run away with me [illegible] anybody else" [illegible] compelled to so[illegible] the Great Duke

The presentation of a [illegible] anniversaries of the great [illegible] Waterloo is the tenure [illegible] Strathfieldsaye are held [illegible] fringed flags are placed [illegible] enquired at the shop in St James's [illegible] supplied them, as to what [illegible] taken to ensure the delivery of [illegible] the proper days of each year, [illegible] learnt that a man was sent with the [illegible] early train in the morning that [illegible] kept ready in case of accident. The Duke of Marlborough's is a white banner with the [illegible] fleur-de-lis. The Duke's flag for Strathfieldsaye is a tricolour. After Waterloo the Duke was allowed to add to his Coat of Arms an 'Escutcheon of Pretence', bearing the Field, Colours and Crosses of the 'Union' flag.

It has been said that Ridicule is the test of the Sublime. It never seems to have had the slightest effect on the reputation of the Duke

than Soldiers, one of the most conspicuous of
them wrote to Lord Combermere telling him
that he, the writer, who held high office, con-
sidered that the Standing Orders of the 1st Regi-
ment of Life Guards, that is the Regulations
that control the interior economy of a Regiment.
Officers' duties, etc., were unsuitable; and should
be changed. The writer also especially called
Lord Combermere's attention to the Standing
Orders of the —th Regiment of Cavalry of the
line: and added that he thought these latter
might be adopted as a good model by which a
Regiment of Horse ought to be ruled.

Lord Combermere replied seriatim to the ob-
jections to the Standing Orders of the 1st Life
Guards of which he was Colonel. He then adde
"I have had the honour to examine the Standin
Orders of the —th Regiment of Cavalry to whic
you have called my attention. I read them n
only with attention, but with interest, for th
were written entirely by myself, when I co
manded that Regiment. I consider them utte
and totally unfitted for the 1st Regiment of
Guards, whose Colonel I have now the honour to

Of all the blows struck of late years at
British Army none was felt more severely
that of taking away the Numbers of Regim
a more wanton affront never was put upon a
of men: and nothing was ever felt more d

It may of course be said, that the Nu
of Regiments were changed in the last ce
and that many Battalions were embodie
embodied and re-embodied. All this i
but it is a poor excuse.

The Classic Time of the British Army began with Egypt, and ended with Waterloo.

This period stands absolutely apart. The glorious achievements, and the splendid renown that the British Regiments acquired during those eventful years can never be forgotten. Its recollection in the minds of soldiers should have been preserved by every possible means. Every distinction whether by badges, facings, names of Battles on Colours, should have been carefully preserved. Almost every Regiment engaged in that great struggle won some special distinction and no one who knows anything of a soldier's heart does not believe that he treasures these Emblems of Tradition above everything.

It would be invidious to recapitulate here the particular honours conferred and the Numbers of particular Regiments who have won immortal glory. It was a cruel act to take them away, and an absurd one to place the names of Battles on the Colours of a Regiment, which was not present as a Regiment, at the action named.

Nothing would be more popular, or more wise than the restoration of Numbers to the respective Regiments.

It is said that, by naming Regiments after Counties, and sections of Counties, what the French call an 'Esprit du Clocher' will grow up. It may in time, but it will take another War of fifteen years, and a successful War, to give the Regiments a prestige equal to that of 1800-1815.

The Duke particularly disliked to be treated, spoken to, and of, merely as a Soldier. He ?

recorded that, I should say, that he would have wished to be esteemed, as he was, a very great Diplomatist. His perfect Honesty, and the conviction which the chief Diplomatists of Europe held of that rare quality, served him in excellent stead. No doubt he and Lord Castlereagh were England's Great Men in those days. The latter has not been done justice to; the Duke always had a very high opinion of him. So superlative was the good sense of the Duke, that he triumphed over the chicanery of others. They might well say

His Nobleness of Spirit
O'ertops our Genius.

His powerful mind did not stoop to the paltry manoeuvres of smaller beings. He acted on broad, and noble principles, and scorned the miserable tricks used by inferiors. He lived long enough to prove to the world his complete disinterestedness, and the marvellous acuteness of his intellect. These two qualities, rare in combination, brought about his final triumph. A French Statesman of long experience, hearing some disparaging remarks as to the Duke's Simplicity in Diplomacy, said "Je connais le Duc de Wellington: c'est un Diplomate fort à craindre; il voit très clairement son but; et y marche bien droitement". The breath had scarcely left his body when the Eastern intrigue began. No one can doubt that had he lived the movement on the part of Russia would not have taken place; the Duke would have seen at once its object, his personal remonstrance would have checked it, or his splendid prowess would have defeated it.

exclaimed "God save Her Majesty; and may every one of you have a wife like her!"

Lord Brougham stated privately that he had no doubt that Queen Caroline's mind was more or less affected, and that this affection took the form of an inordinate wish to nurse infants: whenever she saw a mother, or nurse with a child in arms, she would order it to be brought to her house at Blackheath. This of course gave rise to the scandals, which at that time surrounded her. As regards the parentage of William Austin there could be no doubt that his father and mother were clearly identified by the Government; and although prudence dictated this step, the result was thoroughly satisfactory.

It has been said as a good illustration of the difficulty of ascertaining facts that when the Duke at a great Review in Hyde Park, where many thousands of persons were looking on, fell from his horse, no agreement could be found as to what had happened. Some said the horse reared; others that he 'bucked'. Some that he laid down, and rolled upon the Duke: others that the Duke had a fit. Some said that it was in going away; others that it was soon after arriving. No one agreed as to where the fall occurred: a large number declared that he had no fall at all.

Soon after the Duke's death, Roebuck, the Member for Sheffield, told a story in a speech at that place, which he subsequently assured me was precisely true. Staying in a country house,

he heard the news of the Duke's death. H[e] spoke, in the early morning to th[e] gard[ene]r an elderly man who was mowing the lawn. H[e] said "There is bad news come." "I th[ere], sir?" said the man. "Yes," he said, "the Duke's dead at last." "Who, sir?" "The Duke [of] *Wellington*." "I'm very sorry for the gentle man," replied the man, going on with his work, "but I never heard of him."

Walking with Disraeli he told me th[e] f[ol]lowing story. I have never made up my mind whether he believed it to be true or not. H[e] spoke as if he implicitly believed it.

Speaking of the small circle in which even the greatest move, he told me that the First Napoleon, a year after he became Emperor, was determined to find out if there was anyone in the world who had not heard of him. Within a fortnight the Police of Paris had discovered a wood-chopper at Montmartre, within Paris, who had never heard of the Revolution, nor of the death of Louis XVIth, nor of the Emperor.

Brussels during the Campaign of Waterloo has been painted in deathless colours by Thackeray. He asked me which I thought to be the best passage of all his writings. I said, "No more firing was heard. The pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and on the City, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

I was riding past Stafford House when I met Swinton the Painter. He told me of Thack[eray]

No military spectacle of the kind, that I have seen, has equalled that of the Duke's coming on to the Parade of the Flank Companies of the Foot Guards, in the rear of the Horse Guards, on the morning of the Queen's birthday. The Duke, as Commander in Chief, accompanied by a numerous, and most splendid Staff rode down Constitution Hill from Apsley House. He was dressed in the uniform of his Regiment, the *Grenadier Guards*. The line was of course formed previous to his arrival with the squadron of the Life Guards on duty on the right flank.

At the first stroke of the Horse Guards clock the Duke appeared on the left flank of the line. At the moment that his horse passed the extreme left the word was *given* by the Commanding Officer to stand at 'Attention', then 'Present arms' instantly the magnificent band of the three Regiments of Guards, with their drums and fifes, numbering together over 200 instruments played the first note of Handel's glorious air. Not since the composition of 'See the Conquering Hero comes' can it ever have been given under more effective circumstances. While listening to that grand melody you looked at the mighty Conqueror.

The Duke on arms being presented, instantly and slowly raised his right hand nearly touching the lower right edge of his bearskin with two fingers. He rode slowly across the Parade, and the ceremony of '*Trooping* the Colours' was gone through. During this time some well chosen air, not unfrequently the 'Benediction des Poignards', from *Les Huguenots*, was played.

The March-Past followed. The united bands played Mozart's noble melody 'Non piu andrai': the finest march for slow time that ever was composed. Afterwards the Guards marched past in quick time; the Grenadiers playing *The British Grenadiers;* the Coldstream Guards a beautiful March known as *The Milanollo*, the most perfect, as regards time, that I have heard; the Scots Guards, the national, but mediocre melody *Will ye go to Inverness?*. The line then advanced, and presented arms: the Duke again saluted; leaving the ground amidst tumultuous cheering.

The Duke of Wellington speaking of Napoleon frequently called him 'Jonathan Wild the Great', a humorous expression which will be understood by those who have read the life of the latter by Fielding. He seems to have had a much more just appreciation of Napoleon than Napoleon had of him. Nothing could be more absurd than the Emperor's idea expressed at St Helena, that the Duke of Wellington would, or could take possession of the Throne of England. The first Napoleon's downfall was mainly owing to his utter incapability of comprehending the British Character. He took a conventional and vulgar view of Mankind, and was utterly baffled by those who have shown themselves to be unconventional. The Irish Poet understood the British when he said they were

With daring aims; Irregularly Great.

White's is now a Club: it was an Institution: an Institution of the most powerful, and effec-

tive character, which for 150 years ruled the Society of London as regards men, with wonderful discrimination, and marvellous force. To be admitted a member of that body gave a young man a 'cachet' such as nothing else could give. Looking through the volumes of candidates for many years, the discrimination to be observed is marvellous. The absolute qualifications are difficult to define, but still are strongly marked. 'Je ne sçais quoi' its device. Neither Rank, Wealth, Wit, nor any quality in itself, enabled a candidate to be sure of election, and although the blackballing which in some instances continued for years, appears at first tyrannical, it rarely happened that ultimately the individual, if possessing the particular qualifications desired, did not gain admission. Some were excluded, notwithstanding the annual efforts of a lifetime; some few were admitted at once; but, sooner or later, Justice was done.

The Duke had a high opinion of that mysterious and terrible tribunal 'White's Bow Window.' Disraeli describes it in *Lothair* as being occupied by a few cynical middle aged gentlemen from whose presence *Lothair*, after reading a newspaper upside down, retires. In the days I speak of no man under forty ever ventured to sit within that sacred semi circle, and there was more shrewdness, good sense, and knowledge of things, to be found there than in any other space of the same size on the surface of the Globe.

I remember before the Franco-German W... was begun, one member, sitting there, ask... another "What is this to be?" The reply ... "A race to Bavaria." This turned out to...

absolutely true: for, had the French succeeded in reaching Munich, there can be no doubt that the Bavarians. and South Germans, would have taken up their cause. Before the last war between Russia and Turkey, I remember the question being put there, "What do the Russians want?". the answer was "Bessarabia and Batoum": precisely what they obtained.

No greater instance of the Duke's quickness could be found than his rapid coup d'œil when he rode to St Sebastian. He pointed out at once that the attack was being made from the wrong standpoint; and by his directions, the troops attacking crossed the river at low water, and stormed the breach successfully. My old friend, the Duke of Saldanha, commanded a Brigade during the attack. He told me that one evening when he was washing his hands for dinner a shot came, knocking the basin to atoms, without however even touching his fingers. The popular idea of a Portuguese General is that he should have a dark, sallow, and rather worn countenance. The Duke of Saldanha was the most refined type of John Bull that I have ever seen, clear blue eyes, bright complexion, a look of extreme intelligence, and with a polished bluffness that was very charming. I saw him in his coffin; and instead of being past eighty, his appearance was as that of a man of forty; and his face almost the handsomest that I have seen.

The Duke said that he had obtained a hint from Lord Anglesey in relation to Cavalry crossing

a river that was the most valuable on the subject that he had heard from anyone Lord Anglesey told him that for certain reasons, which I cannot here more exactly describe, no Cavalry could exist, if the water were above the horses backs, for more than three quarters of an hour The Duke said that he found this knowledge most useful when crossing the rivers into France

The Duke s opinion of the French Marshals was not very high No doubt Napoleon was afraid to give a man command who had superior military knowledge in case of a defeat by him self the other might have become a dangerous rival The Duke, with the good nature that always marked his conduct, avoided individual criticism of his opponents He knew that his word would be carried and knew how difficult it is to form a just opinion of one to whom you are opposed Walking with a friend in Paris in 1815, and passing a statue which was in process of erection, the friend remarked, that [illegible]

quietly said "Yes, and if they knew as much about them as I do, they d take down a good many Massena (Manasseh) was, in the opinion of the Duke and of Napoleon, the best in action

I have always had a fixed opinion as regards the death of Desaix and have little doubt by whose hand he fell The death of Pichegru murdered in his prison, and of the Duke d Enghien in the ditch at Vincennes, the same

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man being close at hand in each case, confirm my theory.

How strange it is that Napoleon, the great conqueror, entirely failed in attaching the affections, so far as fidelity was in the case, of either of his wives.

Lord Seaton, by whose friendship I was honoured up to the time of his death, was certainly the noblest type of a soldier that I have known. He told me, I remember, when I was on his Staff at Chobham, that the hill opposite our lines, crowned with pine trees, was not unlike the heights of Busaco. I cannot help dwelling for a moment upon his character. Mildest, kindest, gentlest of human beings; clear-headed, calm, vigorous in mind as he was strong in body, he was always my idea of a Soldier. In speaking to him you felt that the good, unworldly being you were talking to was the same gallant spirit who had headed the 52nd at Ciudad Rodrigo, and had taken part in all the desperate actions in which that heroic body fought. He had not much graphic power of description; indeed very few men have; but I regret that I did not ask him more questions in relation to the Peninsular War. He was well known to, and thoroughly trusted by, the Duke.

I have read a very interesting letter addresse to my uncle General Robert Craufurd by Th Right Hon William Windham. It was writte not long before the unfortunate expedition t Walcheren. He says in it that the Expeditio

will be the most perfect, as regards arrangements and organization, that has ever left England. He expresses regret that it is not to be sent to the Peninsula, nor to be placed under the orders of the Duke, of whom he adds "I begin to think that your chief (the Duke) has some military ability" Mr Windham at the end of this letter says that no expedition however well organized, and however well fitted for conquest, can ever succeed 'if placed under the command of such a man as the Earl of Chatham" We know the terrible disaster that followed, owing almost entirely to the want of good sense in the British Government at home. The fate of Europe would have been changed, had those 30,000 men been sent to Spain.

Due political appreciation has hardly been given to the great effects of the Duke's success in the Peninsula the overwhelming loss of the French Army in the premature snows of Russia, for the season was early, has distracted historical attention from what took place in 1812 in Spain Napoleon's mind never was at ease from the moment when he saw the beginning of British success, the defeat of his Armies in succession in Spain was the 'ver rongeur' that disturbed his rest. However much he may have affected, for a purpose, to sneer at the British troops, his military perception was too astute not to be early convinced that they were, and would prove themselves still more to be, dangerous customers

I do not know whether the Duke had anything to say to the appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe

to be the custodian of Napoleon at St. Helena; but it was no doubt an unfortunate selection. My father used to say that Sir Hudson, though not a bad soldier, was wanting in many of the essentials of a Gentleman. No doubt it must have been very difficult to find a man with the rare combination of 'suaviter in modo' with '*fortiter in re*', who would undertake such heavy responsibility, involving banishment from his own country; and accept an office which every sensible man would know was sure to lead to abuse, and calumny. Still the appointment seems to have been made somewhat hurriedly: and it certainly turned out ill. It gave Napoleon a sort of justification for some of his usually unfounded complaints.

The cause of Napoleon's decline of hope, and with it his decline of health, was the fact that Lord Holland's motion in the House of Lords in his favour had no seconder.

Knowing as he did the absolute independence of the Members of that House of Parliament, he must have felt that if there were not two Peers to support his cause it was indeed desperate.

Madame Craufurd, at whose house the Duke was a constant guest in Paris, was an Irish woman by birth; extraordinarily handsome, and clever, she was for many years almost at the head of the fashionable world in Paris: a somewhat surprising circumstance, considering her not very distinguished origin. She lived in the Rue d'Anjou. Mr Quentin Craufurd had behaved with exceptional loyalty to the Royal House of France. It was he who provided the carriage which conveyed

and King, he associated, one, Lady H., was exceptionally ugly; and his last innamorata, Lady C., preposterously fat. The King liked gossip; was soon weary of his own company: and these two old ladies furnished him with a daily pabulum of news: either he believed that his visits to Hamilton Place where unknown; or, more probably, was quite indifferent whether they were known or not. The elderly person supposed to be the object of the King's attachment was glad no doubt to 'pavoner' herself; and to excite the envy of her sex by his exceptional attention; but as for there being more than this between this old couple Lord Lucan assured me, and he was no prude, it was perfectly out of the question: and that anyone in the London Society of those days would have laughed at the possibility of anything else.

When the King went to Ireland a great opportunity was afforded for feminine display. This was of course grasped. When King William came to the throne he showed tact and good feeling. He requested that the very handsome presents, that had been made by the late King, of diamonds which were held to be those of the Crown, should not be returned to himself; but should be made into the splendid decoration of the Order of St Patrick, still worn by the Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Duke was frequently appealed to in matters of right and justice: it was felt not only that his judgment was most acute, but his calmness of decision perfect. On one occasion he received a letter in the following terms: I correct the spelling: "Mr Tomkins ventures to

south side of the Altar in our Christ Church Chapel, a Cathedral to the outside world, balanced by Dr Pusey on the north side, exemplified two types of Churchmen.

I admire him as a good logician, as the following shows. Eating his luncheon, a Clergyman present remarked that Canon Bull had not said grace. "I do not say grace when the meal is cold." "But, Sir, the soup was hot." "The heat of the soup was an accident and not an essential, of the luncheon."

The Duke no doubt reckoned assassination among the contingencies of his life. The attempt by Cantillon in Paris on his return from Madame Craufurd's soiree was a serious one, and he received frequent letters threatening a repetition of the crime. It has always been considered that the bequeathment by Napoleon of a sum of money to Cantillon, the would-be murderer, was one of the worst acts of his life. I saw the original will containing this clause when it was at Doctors' Commons; the grammar bad, the spelling incorrect, and the writing execrable. It must, however, be remembered that this will was made at a time when Napoleon was suffering under terrible gastric irritability, and although he never, until a few hours before his death, lost the complete command of his mind, still it seems probable that this disposition was made when he was hardly himself; at least one must hope so. None knew better than Napoleon that the Duke of Wellington had but little to do with his punishment, that it was done by the Powers of Europe.

One incident has always struck me as most picturesque. When Napoleon's body lay, dressed in his uniform, on the bed on which he died, a yellow satin damask sofa cushion being placed under the head, the English garrison of St Helena marched past the body in single file. Each Commissioned Officer, as he passed, grasped the hand of the deceased soldier. The realities of History are infinitely more poetical than those of Fiction; and have much deeper sentiment. This is one of them.

I may mention here that I have the cushion on which Napoleon's head was placed.

I have also his escritoire; and the chairs which he used at St Helena. The reader must not infer from this that I admire his character. Had he lived, I should have given them at the Tuileries to the poor lad, whose death was brought about by stupidity in the far-off deserts of Africa.

Lord Combermere was undoubtedly the best cavalry officer that the war had produced. The Duke was most anxious to have him at Waterloo; having long experience of his services in Spain; and it was a cruel fate that deprived a man, who had been so frequently engaged, and with such great success, of the Command of the Cavalry on that momentous day. The reason, I have heard on good authority, was this. When the Duke of Wellington was first sent to the Peninsula, Lord Anglesey, who had rendered good service there, Commanding the Cavalry, being senior to the Duke in the Army, was obliged, of course, to go home. The Prince Regent, feeling that Lord Anglesey was unfortunate, promised him that

whenever an opportunity occurred he should command the British Cavalry. The Duke's promotion to be a Field Marshal placed him above Lord Anglesey in the Army List and therefore at Waterloo the same objection did not occur and by the wish of the Prince Regent Lord Anglesey commanded the Cavalry.

Splendidly as the British troops fought and with a cheerfulness that excited the admiration of a not very enthusiastic leader the Duke must have longed repeatedly during the Battle of the 18th for his Army which broke up at Bordeaux. Of this army he said repeatedly 'They could go anywhere and do anything.' Of these he had the nucleus of twelve thousand admirable infantry and it is possible that the confidence in these veterans of the Duke felt by a younger race, may have combined with the worship of their leader to achieve the glorious victory.

The Duke had won battle after battle. He had marched from Cintra to Paris. He had routed all the Generals opposed to him, one after another he had never lost a gun. Down to the youngest recruit and the boy Ensign who had joined the week before, there was not one of his Army who did not believe in him as being above humanity; there was not one who ever doubted that the great man who was leading them was leading them to Conquest. This it was that kept the men firm in their squares. They no more believed that the French could beat them than that they could fly over their heads.

I believe that no Army ever fought more bravely than the French at Waterloo. I believe that their courage on that day even transcended what Marengo, Friedland, Jena, and Austerlitz showed: it is surprising that their commander, for whom they jeopardized everything, seemed to think them unworthy of his praise. They were simply '*the broken tools*' which *his* Ambition 'threw away'.

In addition to its great political importance, giving Europe a peace of forty years, Waterloo was a fitting scene to terminate the Great Drama that had been enacted for twenty-five years.

Beginning with the fall of the Bastille in 1789, History presents nothing so interesting, nothing so varied, as the struggle which ended on that Sunday evening. The heroic death of the French Nobility, who proved themselves worthy of their race on the scaffold; the exceptional, and genuine piety of Louis XVI; the heroic character, and conduct of the daughter of Maria Theresa; the fate of the little Dauphin; combined to fill the Imagination of the growing generation with hopes that Justice would at last be done them. After long waiting, Retribution came.

The Exiles, who had for the most part borne their banishment with equanimity, returned to their ancestral homes; and the lawful King of France once more entered the Tuileries.

Nothing could have shown the Duke of Wellington's tact, and well-bred feeling more than his behaviour at this critical time. Never attempting to thrust the Bourbons back upon

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the French people refusing even to advise them as to what they should do having freed their country of one who had stripped every family in France of at least one of its sons he would play no active part in giving a Sovereign to France He knew human nature too well and though everything was owing to his prowess he always kept in the background. Giving honest advice when asked he never for a moment assumed the

recalled in

words of He

serfdom in

dom Having studied with effect the character of the Bourbon family he was too wise to let them feel more than could be helped that they owed everything to him Content with the appreciation of the wise and sober portion of his countrymen he felt that at last Justice was being done him and Retaliation for his cruel wrongs did not fill his mind

Lord Castlereagh moving a Vote of Thanks to the Duke on the 23rd of June 1815 said One feature of the Victory was that it had been gained over the best troops of France and that, at a moment when they displayed all their vigour and when their conduct even surpassed all that they had before performed This force did not amount to less than one hundred and [illegible] thousand men the Flower of the F[illegible] which was a regular and disciplined [illegible] even before the Bourbons quitted France [illegible] which, since the return of Bonaparte, everything had been done to make it effective

It was the force which had been selected, and combined, to act upon the Northern frontier."

The speech is feeble, and commonplace; and by no means worthy of the occasion. With all his talents Lord Castlereagh never was a good speaker. He says towards the end:

"Such was his" (the Duke's) "dauntless activity, that he was much more exposed than any private soldier, who could only bear the hazard of a single spot. The Duke was everywhere: at least wherever danger was."

In a work published very shortly after the battle, in which allusion is made to Picton's reluctance to accept the command, it is said "Since our army was sent to Flanders, the Government offered Sir Thomas Picton the command of a division; but, apprehending that the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief, would leave the British force to some Officer in whom he could not repose the same confidence, he declined the offer; adding, however, that if the Duke should personally require his services, he would instantly repair to the army."

The Duke, like all men of sound intelligence, had a strong sense of humour; and I was delight-d to find in a recent publication that the Duke ccasionally read out, with great enthusiasm, and elight, Dickens's immortal description of the cene in Court of 'Bardell versus Pickwick'. I as so charmed with this acquisition to my nowledge of the Duke's character that I thought it when going to sleep that night; and in at semi-dreaming condition, in which one is

prone to be before absolute repose I unconsciously mixed up Mrs Bardell the Duke Mr Winkle Sergeant Snubbin, Mrs Cluppins her umbrella chops and tomato sauce Sam Weller Walmer Castle, warming pans, and even old Mr Weller in the gallery formed part of my half dream

Suddenly I had one of those extraordinary sensations, such as many of my readers must have felt when they dream that they have fallen off a precipice, and come to the ground I awoke, as the French say, 'en sursaut' with a shock never to be forgotten It flashed into my mind that there was a mysterious connection between the phantoms of the Duke and Mrs Bardell, *it was almost with pain that I recol*lected all about it

And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again

At the very time of the Waterloo campaign or shortly afterwards, there can be no doubt that the Duke was in the habit of addressing letters not unlike those recently published, which we have read with interest to another young lady So far, nothing could be more innocent, nor more simple No doubt he wrote to her also equally graphic descriptions of the leap frog, kiss in the ring, driving in goat chaises, rug-riding by ladies, etc, which was going on in the Country House near Cambrai All this shows a playfulness, of which his nature was full, unfortunately, this playfulness was expre
writing, and when the young and
in question became a decidedly
whom I knew well, and who
Duke received warnings of

acter from the lady in question. I do not know whether any Dodson, or Fogg appeared on the scene. Imagination can picture nothing more awful, than the Great Duke, in a sweltering Court, listening to himself being denounced as a Monster of Iniquity by the Buzfuz of the period; and held up to an envious, and delighted world as a fiend not to be surpassed: one to whom Don Juan was a St Anthony. Nothing so far as is popularly known, came of the affair. I have always had a suspicion that the half-sister of the lady, whom the Duke himself on one great occasion suspected of mischief, instigated these preliminary proceedings. The Christian name of the lady, which from exaggerated gentleness I do not mention, and who was of high rank, makes the Duke's conduct appear still more what ladies call 'abominable.'

The family of Heath played a distinguished part in an earlier generation. One was the Head Master of Harrow, against whom the boys mutinied, in consequence of his being an Eton man, as I have mentioned, the rebellion being headed by Lord Wellesley. Another was Head Master of Eton, previous to Dr Goodall. The third rose, I believe, to eminence in the law. A fourth, Baron Heath of the Kingdom of Italy, was Governor of the Bank of England. I knew the latter in his old age well. He was known as 'Barren Heath': another was described as 'Black Heath'; and the Head Master of Eton as 'Ascot Heath.'

It was said of the Duke that he knew so much that he thought he knew everything.

In the midst of a severe action, Frederick rode past the spot where a young Officer, whom he knew well, and who had recently joined his Army, was writhing in the agonies of death. The King stopped, and heard some groans escaping the unfortunate boy. The King turned to him and said "Die silently, Frederick!"

Should not these words be placed on the tomb of one who *obeyed the order of his great ancestor* more than any man of whom we have read in History? Rapidly passing away as do the circumstances of life, his recent death can never be forgotten

To have divided counsels, especially when the opposed counsellors are in earnest, is dreadful; and must have broken many a Monarch's heart *to lie on a sick bed, while Doctors dispute your* real condition, and the character of the illness, is torture of the most exquisite kind to a sick man. What must it have been when both these sources of suffering were felt by the same person; and to know, in addition, that his Life, and Death were the objects of Political Intrigue!

All this was borne by the late German Emperor with a persistent, *and calm Fortitude* not to be surpassed in the records of Mankind. Let them write on his tombstone 'STERBE STILL, FRITZ!'

Of the Duke it might be said that he was 'In rebus adversis Magnus in prosperis Bonus utriusque fortunæ Dominus.'

The court of Napoleon the 1st, judging from their portraits, notwithstanding their splendid

had obtained; and appreciated his honours accordingly. The Duke felt that he could appeal to that loftiest of all tribunals, the Conscience of a Just, Wise, and Honourable man. The great pagan Poet Menander said

To every man his Conscience is a God

and the Duke could look inwards without fear.

The News of the death of Napoleon reached London on the 4th of July, 1821. This was announced to George IV, with due solemnity, by the High Official on duty, in these words, befitting the occasion: "It is my duty to inform your Majesty that your greatest enemy is dead". "Is she by —!" said the King.

The Duke never claimed for one moment credit to himself where he did not feel that it was thoroughly deserved. Someone saying to him "How do you account, Duke, for your having so persistently beaten the French Marshals?". The Duke simply replied "Well, the fact is their soldiers got them into scrapes: mine always got me out."

I have compared the Duke with Frederick the Great of Prussia. He had all that Great Soldier's determination; but where he had to act in a manner to give pain, I feel sure that the Duke did so with reluctance.

A story is told of the Great Frederick, from which a few words might have been recently taken with great effect: it fills me with astonishment that, of the millions who speak the great Teutonic language, no one thought of it

and whenever a fresh innamorata appeared on the scene, she unconsciously received facsimiles of previous epistles

On one occasion George IV, persuaded the Duke to smoke I believe that he never did this a second time

The Duke owed nothing to his Mother

There is my ugly boy Arthur Lady Mornington said, on seeing him at the Dublin Theatre after a long absence

The conventional notion that clever men have clever mothers is, I believe, a delusion success ful men have clever mothers Most men pass the best years of their life in discovering what they are fit for A mother who can place her son in the right groove tell him which talents to cultivate and show his Genius the road to success may be sure that, should her son possess the qualities which she believes, her Glory will be great This is very rarely the case

I lately visited Londonderry House, formerly Holdernesse House, Park Lane, for evidence as to the Duke s Indian sword

I have spoken of Frances Anne Lady Londonderry as the rival of Sarah Lady Jersey as a Queen of London Society With more preten sion and a very imperious manner, which Lady Jersey had not Lady Londonderry never had anything like Lady Jersey s power 'Frances Anne, at the tea table covered with gold vessels, in the great gallery, was an awe striking sight but you felt that there was stage effect.

The 3rd Marquess, Frances Anne's husband, had rather too much of the old dandy, the Major Pendennis, for the brilliant soldier of the Peninsula. 'Quel beau Sabreur!' had been then said of him.

His eldest son, the 4th Marquess, I knew well: he was the 'Young Rapid' of H. R.'s *Equestrian Sketches*.

A pathetic incident occurred in his childhood. His mother, Lord Londonderry's first wife, was writing a letter to his father, then abroad. She said to the boy of seven "Write me something to send to Papa". The boy in a few minutes produced some lines headed 'Epitaph on Poor Mamma': his mother was quite well. Lord Londonderry received the lines and the announcement of his Wife's death, at the same time.

The 5th Marquess was my brother officer: a most amiable, kind man: a great sufferer.

My last visit was to look at the two fine pictures placed on the wall of the central hall of Londonderry House: they are of 'The Heroes of the Peninsula', and 'The Heroes of Waterloo': vigorously painted: the likenesses are good. They are by J. P. Knight.

The Duke in both wears the Indian sword.

On leaving the 1st Life Guards as a Captain I was made by the Officers an honorary member of their Mess: a very exceptional distinction. Some years later the 1st Life Guards' Club was formed: and in 1882, I had the honour to be elected President. The Club consists of Officers of the Regiment who are actually serving, or have served; subject to exclusion if thought

Revd R. W., whom I did not know, a note addressed to him by Madame Bergereau, dated "Orthez; le 6 novembre, 1860". She says in it "Wellington arrived at my Inn the 27th of February, 1814, (the day of the Battle of Orthez) at four o'clock in the afternoon, 'extenué de fatigue; et mort de faim'. The Duke, with charming politeness, but *absolute insistance* demanded food. I had nothing; and told him so. He replied 'On the contrary; you have truffles! smell for yourself!'. I failed to smell any: the Duke, however, whose nose was sharper in every sense than mine, declared that he could not be mistaken: he triumphed: and a mass of truffles was found, of which I knew nothing. More than this; pursuing his investigation, the Great Hero discovered, in a cupboard, a fine cooked turkey: it had been sent to a solicitor of Orthez, from Toulouse, as an annual present at Carnival time: the solicitor, refusing to pay the carriage, the Turkey had been lodged in my Hotel, as the bureau of the diligence". Madame Bergereau was a humourist. She adds "I have said that the Duke's nose was sharper than mine: the weight of seventy years has not failed to sit upon my nose, as upon most things; 'il s'affaisse, et s'elargit sous leur poids.'"

Lord Wellesley wrote these lines on his brother's Installation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Conservata tuis Asia, atque Europa, *Triumphis*
Invictum *Bello* te coluere *Ducem*:
Nunc umbrata geris *Civili* tempora *Quercu*;
Ut desit Famæ *Gloria* nulla tuæ.

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Asia hath seen thy conquering Sword,
And Europe s Laurels crown her Lord
Now r und thy brows the Oak we twine,
That every Glory may be thine W F

I had the glad fortune to hear, as a Member of Parliament, the following speech, delivered on the Vote for the Duke s Funeral

The House of Commons was crowded to the ceiling the seats, and galleries, of the Members were full and almost every distinguished man in England was present.

"THE QUEEN S MESSAGE CONSIDERED

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (MR DISRAELI) rose and said Mr Speaker Sir, The House of Commons is called upon to-night to perform a sorrowful, but a noble duty It has to recognize, in the face of the Country and of the Civilized World the loss of the most distinguished of our Citizens, and it has to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a Bereaved Nation.

"Sir, the Princely Personage who has left us was born in an age more fruitful of great events than any other period of recorded time. Of its vast incidents the most conspicuous were his own deeds deeds achieved with the smallest means, and against the greatest obstacles.

"He was, therefore, not only a Great Man, but the Greatest Man of a Great Age.

"Amid the chaos, and conflagration which attended the close of the last century there arose one of those beings who seem born to master Mankind It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal

"The Kings of the earth fell before his fiery and subtle Genius: and at the head of all the Powers of Europe, he denounced destruction against the only land that dared to disobey him, and be free.

"The Providential Superintendence of the World seems scarcely ever more manifest than when we recollect the dispensations of our day: that the same year which gave to France the Emperor Napoleon, produced also for us the Duke of Wellington; that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that, natives of distant islands, they should both have repaired for their military education to that illustrious land which each in his turn was destined to subjugate. During that long struggle for our Freedom, our Glory, I might say for our Existence, Wellesley fought, and won, fifteen pitched battles; all of them of the highest class; concluding with one of those crowning Victories that give a colour, and a form to History. During that period, that can be said of him which can be said of no other Captain; *that he captured three thousand cannon from the enemy; and never lost a single gun.*

"The greatness of his exploits was, perhaps, even surpassed by the difficulties which he had to encounter. He had to encounter a feeble Government; a factious Opposition; a distrustful people; scandalous allies; and the most powerful enemy in the world.

"He won Victories with starving troops; and he carried on Sieges without Munitions.

"As if to complete the fatality which attended him throughout life in this respect, when he

had at last succeeded in creating an Army worthy of the Roman Legions, and worthy of himself, this Invincible Host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life he had to enter the Field of Waterloo with raw levies, and discomfited Allies

"But the star of Wellington never paled

"He has been called fortunate, but Fortune is a Divinity which has ever favoured those who are, at the same time, Sagacious and Intrepid, Inventive and Patient. It was his own Character that created his Career, alike achieved his exploits and guarded him from every vicissitude for it was his sublime Self control alone that regulated his lofty Fate

"Sir, it has been of late years somewhat the fashion to disparage the Military Character Forty years of Peace have, perhaps, made us somewhat less aware how considerable, and how complex, are the qualities which go to the formation of a Great General

"It is not enough that he must be an Engineer, a Geographer, learned in Human Nature, and adroit in managing men he must also be able to fulfil the highest duty of a Minister of State, and then to descend to the humblest office of a Commissary, and clerk and he has to display all this knowledge, and to exercise all these duties, at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances At every moment he has to think of the eve, and of the morrow, of his flank, and of his rear He has to carry with him Ammunition, Provisions, and Hospitals He has to calculate at the same time the state of the weather, and the moral qualities of man and

all these elements, that are perpetually cl
he has to combine; sometimes under ove
ing heat; and sometimes under overp
cold: sometimes even amid famine; an
amid the roar of Artillery. Behind a
circumstances, too, there is ever pres
image of his country; and the dreadful alte
whether that country is to welcome hi
the Laurel, or the Cypress. Yet this in
must dismiss from his mind; for the (
must think; and not only think; he mus
with the rapidity of lightning; for on a r
more or less depends the fate of a most b
combination: and on a moment more
depends the question of Glory, or of
Unquestionably, Sir, all this might be d
an ordinary manner, and by an ordinary
as, every day of our lives, we see ordina
who may be successful Ministers of State, s
ful Authors, successful Speakers: But to
this with Genius is Sublime. Doubtless,
able to think with Vigour, with Clearnes
with Depth, in the recess of the Cabine
fine intellectual demonstration: but to
with equal Vigour, Clearness, and Depth,
bullets, appears the loftiest exercise an
most complete triumph of the human fac

"Sir, when we take into consideratio
prolonged, and illustrious life of the Du
Wellington, we are surprised how small a s
of that life is occupied by that military
which fills so large a space in history.
eight years elapsed from Vimiera to Wat
and from the date of his first commissi
the last cannon-shot which he heard o

Field of Battle, scarce twenty years can be counted

"After all his triumphs he was destined for another career, and the greatest, and most successful of warriors, if not in the prime, at least in the perfection of Manhood, commenced a civil career scarcely less successful, scarcely less splendid, than that military one which will live for ever in the memory of men.

"He was thrice the Ambassador of his Sovereign at those great historic Congresses that settled the affairs of Europe· twice was he Secretary of State twice he was Commander-in Chief of the Forces once he was Prime Minister of England, and to the last hour of his life he may be said to have laboured for his country

"It was only a few months before we lost him that he favoured with his counsel, and assistance the present advisers of the Crown respecting that war in the East, of which no one could be so competent to judge He drew up his views on that subject in a State Paper characterized by all his Sagacity, and Experience and, indeed, when he died, he died still the active chieftain of that famous Army, to which he has left the Tradition of his Glory

"Sir, there is one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington, which in this place, and on this occasion, I ought not to let pass unnoticed. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves it is our glory that Sir Arthur Wellesley once sat on these benches If we view his career in the House of Commons by the tests of success which are applied to common men,'

his career, although brief, was still distinguished.

"He entered the Royal Councils; and filled high offices of State. But the success of Sir Arthur Wellesley in the House of Commons must not be tested by the facts that he was a Privy Councillor; or a Secretary of a Lord Lieutenant. He achieved here a great success which the greatest Ministers, and the most brilliant Orators may never hope to accomplish. That was a great Parliamentary triumph, when he rose in his place to receive the thanks of Mr Speaker for a brilliant victory: and, later still, when at that bar to receive, Sir, from one of your predecessors in memorable words, the thanks of a grateful Senate for accumulated triumphs.

"Sir, there is one source of consolation which I think the people of England possess at this moment under the severe bereavement over which they mourn: It is their intimate acquaintance with the character, and even the person, of this great man. There never was a man of such mark who lived so long, and so much, in the public eye.

"I will be bound there is not a Gentleman in this House who has not seen him: many there are who have conversed with him: some there are who have touched his hand. His Image, his Countenance, his Manner, his Voice are impressed on every memory and sound almost in every ear.

"In the golden saloon, and in the busy market-place, to the last he might be found.

"The rising generation among whom he lived will often recall his words of kindness: and the people followed him in the street with *that*

lingering gaze of reverent admiration, which seemed never to tire Who indeed, can ever forget that venerable, and classic head, ripe with Time, and radiant as it were with Glory?

> Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit
> Canities

"To complete all, that we might have a perfect idea of his inward, and spiritual nature, that we might understand how this Sovereign Master of Duty fulfilled the manifold offices of his life with unrivalled Activity, he himself gave us a collection of Military, and Administrative Literature, which no Age, and no Country can rival And, fortunate in all things, Wellington found in his lifetime an Historian, whose immortal page now ranks with the classics of that land which Wellesley saved

"Sir, the Duke of Wellington has left to his Country a great Legacy, greater even than his Fame he has left to them the contemplation of his Character

"I will not say of England that he has revived here the Sense of Duty that, I trust, was never lost But that he has inspired Public Life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt that he has rebuked by his career restless Vanity, and regulated the morbid susceptibility of irregular Egotism, is, I think, no exaggerated praise

"I do not believe that among all orders of Englishmen, from the highest to the [illegible] from those who are called on to incur the most serious responsibilities of Office, to those who are to exercise the humblest duties of the [illegible]

not believe there is one among us who may not experience moments of doubt and depression; when the image of Wellington will occur to his Memory, and he finds in his example Support, and Solace.

"Although the Duke of Wellington lived so much in the minds, and hearts of the people of England; although at the end of his long career he occupied such a prominent position, and filled such august offices; no one seemed to be conscious of what a space he occupied in the thoughts and feelings of his countrymen, until he died.

"The influence of true Greatness was never, perhaps, more completely asserted than in his decease.

"In an Age in which the belief in intellectual equality flatters so much our self-complacency, every one suddenly acknowledges that the world has lost its foremost man. In an age of Utility, the most busy, and the most common-sense people in the world find no vent for their woe; and no representative for their sorrow, but the solemnity of a pageant; and we, who are assembled here for purposes so different; to investigate the sources of the Wealth of Nations; to busy ourselves in Statistical Research; to encounter each other in fiscal controversy; we offer to the World the most sublime, and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce; the Spectacle of a Senate mourning a Hero."

WATERLOO

Leaving Brussels on a fine afternoon in August, 1888, I reached the little station near Braine l'Alleud in half an hour, and thence drove to the Hotel du Musee, close to the Prince of Orange's mound. This horrible disfigurement of the Plain of Waterloo has materially altered the defensive position taken by the Duke of Wellington Well might he say, when visiting the spot some years after the battle, "They have spoiled my Battle field

A high ridge extended along the greater part of the British front the removal of this to form the Mound has given quite a different character to this part of the scene The Hotel du Musee is situated near the right centre of the British line

I ordered a carriage to be ready at four o'clock to take me to Quatre Bras In the meantime I walked in an easterly direction over the battle field The old pave from Brussels passes through the Villages of Waterloo, and Mont St Jean, in the rear of the British centre In former days the Museum, now at the Hotel, which was principally formed by Sergeant Major Cotton of the 7th Hussars, who acted as orderly to Sir Hussey Vivian, commanding a Brigade of Light Cavalry, on the 18th June, was in his house, in Mont St Jean.

A circumstance, very interesting to myself, occurred on my first visit to Waterloo This was

before I had left Eton; and just previous to my going to Oxford. Sergeant-Major Cotton, who was an excellent, and intelligent guide, and who had acquired a vast amount of information from having traversed the field with the distinguished Officers who had taken part in the battle, showed us over Hougomont; and pointed out in the kitchen-garden, which still adjoins the orchard, the grave-stone where my cousin, Captain Thomas Craufurd of the 3rd Guards, was killed. He was most unfortunate; for I believe he was almost, if not quite, the only Officer slain inside the enclosure. The brick wall, which is still pierced with loop-holes protected the troops, in a great measure. The south line of wall was defended by the Coldstream Guards. Craufurd occupied the little kitchen garden, on their right flank, with a detachment of the 3rd Guards. Cotton, who did not know who I was at the time, told me that he had seen many sad sights; but that the saddest he had ever seen was that of Sir James Craufurd weeping over his son's grave. Thence I walked across the fields to Cotton's house; in which there was a large collection of arms, uniforms, etc., etc., found after the battle; in addition to some things that had been presented to, or been purchased by him. Looking about, I saw hanging on the wall, high up, a Sword; to which was attached a card somewhat soiled by time. I read on it 'Sword worn by Lieut.-Colonel Sir James Fraser, Bt, 7th Hussars, at Waterloo'. I asked to be allowed to examine it; and I then said to Cotton "I should like to purchase that sword; but before I make you an offer, it is only fair to tell you who I

am, as it will add to the value Sir William Fraser He seemed startled and said Sir James's son? Yes I said to him What will you take? He replied Sir William I am fairly well off, and I don't want to part with the sword I said I will give you twenty five pounds He declined I then said Thirty forty fifty pounds? He replied No I must give you the same answer I do not wish to part with the sword I then said If you should ever part with the sword I hope you will give me the first opportunity of buying it and will not let it go into other hands He said You may rely on it, that should I ever decide to sell it I will let you know About a year afterwards I wrote from Oxford I reminded him that both he and I were mortal and that the loss of such a sword to my family would be irreparable I desired him to name his price he replied that he would accept my first offer, *i e* twenty five pounds I obtained the sword Cotton was then in full, vigorous health he died soon afterwards. I have the sword now

So much for the past

At four o clock I started for Quatre Bras. Passing close to the farm of 'La Haye Sainte, of which more hereafter the road is through the hamlet of Vieux Genappes I stopped at a house called 'La Maison du Caillou I was reluctant to ask permission of the owner to see the house However he most courteously admitted me at once M Emile Coulon the owner, an Architect of eminence, was so very polite as to show me everything that was of interest He

pointed out to me the bed-room in which Napoleon slept on the night of the 17th of June; the table upon which he breakfasted with Marshals Soult and Ney; and the two tables upon which he spread his maps. These three are exceptionally beautiful; the proprietor has had a drawing of them registered in the most formal manner. I begged him, in addition to this, to have a small plate attached to each; and I sincerely hope that he has done, or will do, this. M. Coulon took me into the kitchen garden, from the northern angle of which Napoleon first saw the battle-field in the distance. He also pointed out to me what was most interesting, the line of country taken by Napoleon, and his personal Staff, when riding away from the field, on the evening of the 18th. A large meadow intervenes between the road, which was then blocked with waggons etc., and the line which Napoleon took across country. A very remarkable conversation took place during this ride.

Continuing, I reach Genappes, a flourishing, busy town, with clean streets, and a look of vitality about it very different from the old towns of Belgium. Crossing the narrow bridge, which spans the little river, hardly more than a canal, I was astonished, and am still, as to how four armies could have crossed it in the time occupied by them. On the 17th of June the British, and French armies crossed it: on the 18th the French Army, followed by the Prussian Army, recrossed the bridge. Another surprising fact is that within half a mile there is another bridge across the river, which was not used by any one man of the three armies. When Lacoste, Napo-

leon's guide, was asked *why he did not lead the* Emperor over this bridge, the latter having requested him to show him the shortest way to Charleroi; he simply replied, "I knew nothing *about the bridge*." It seems *incredible that in a* country destined, as was well known before to be, and as it had been, the Cockpit of Europe, the fact that there was a second available bridge *was unknown to* both Commanders. *Continuing* from Genappes, Quatre Bras was reached. The little hamlet at first appeared to be deserted. I could find *no one*. At last I came upon the inhabitants collected apparently in a sort of club at the common inn, situated at the angle of four roads. They repudiated all knowledge of the battle, in *fact declared that there* had been no battle there. They pointed over their shoulders, meaning that there had been fighting at Waterloo, *of* which I told them that I had *heard* some*thing*, but they persisted *in the statement* that there had been no engagement at Quatre Bras. Such is Fame!

I walked slowly down the Nivelles *Road*, and was shortly overtaken by a Belgian farmer, who showed what I have frequently noticed in the provincial districts of Belgium, great personal courtesy. *I have never been in any country* where passers-by treat strangers with more respect. He kindly offered to show me what I wished to see, pointing out the spot where the Duke of *Brunswick fell.* *I may* here *say that when I* mentioned in a letter, which will follow, that the Duke of Brunswick "fell as his father fell," I did not say die, as his father died, but was wounded almost *precisely* in the same part of

his body, dying in half an hour; his father being carried, after the battle of Jena, in a litter a considerable distance, to Ottensen, a suburb of Altona, near Hamburg.

The battle-field of Quatre-Bras is plain enough. The Bois de Bossu, the scene of such severe fighting, and carnage, exists no more: there is not a trace of it. It was in this wood that revolting barbarity was perpetrated. The Highlanders had been driven out for a few minutes only: on recapturing the wood they found that their dead, and wounded comrades had been mutilated in the most horrible manner. The Highland dress was the object of the real, or affected ridicule of the French: a ridicule which they were induced to repent two days afterwards.

The barn with its yard, in which the Duke was nearly captured, is as it was; in fact I should say that very little change has taken place in the few buildings adjacent to the field. I am very glad to take this opportunity of repeating the thanks, which I gave M. Brasseur, Fermier, de Quatre-Bras, for his kindness, and courtesy, in showing me over the field. Had it not been late, and the evening very cold, I should have been glad to visit his farm, to which he was so kind as to invite me.

Returning through Genappes, I examined carefully the upper part of the town; where an encounter had taken place on the 17th of June. It is surprising that Napoleon did not follow up

They made very short work of the French Cavalry, and so effectually stopped their approaches that the Army was unmolested; and able to take up its position on the Plain of Waterloo. The following incident happened on the evening of the 17th. The two officers, who had been taken in the affair just mentioned, were brought before Napoleon. Standing near his chair was Count Flahault, his A.D.C., who had been in London during the First Restoration: and, being a handsome young Frenchman, of good birth, and manners, had been made a great deal of in London society. Wishing, I assume, to show to the Emperor, his master, that he had been by no means inoculated with a love for the British race, he said something, what I do not know, that was considered offensive by the British officers. Although Count Flahault subsequently married his relation, Miss Elphinstone, the daughter of Admiral Lord Keith, in her own right Baroness Keith and Nairne, Mr Elphinstone and Count Flahault never spoke to one another to the end of their lives.

I returned to the Hôtel du Musée an hour after dark. The next morning I walked over to Hougomont. I may point out here a long-standing evil: which I think the Belgian Government ought to remove. They could do so without difficulty. I refer to the beggars, who, under the guise of selling sticks, pester everyone who goes in and out of the Hotel. It is disgraceful that such a state of things should be permitted; and I feel sure that their persistency, with the proximity of sticks, must not unfrequently lead to breaches of the peace.

found the Château of Hougomont renovated
t not seriously altered
It is a very strong position its occupation
the Division which held the building and
heir rear is easily understood
The dense wood which existed at the time
the Battle to the south of th building and
enclo ures is now entirely gone
When I first visited Waterloo there were
some remains of this wood some stump of
trees riddled with shot but even the have
now disappeared

About fifteen yards distant from the south
front of the enclosure are a hedge and ditch
The former has grown up again since Waterloo
and forms an excellent screen The British
Guards were able to fire through the loop holes
of the south wall and through this screen of
hedge into the French column headed by King
Joseph Bonaparte the French being entirely
unable to see their adversaries indeed there
can be little doubt that they persisted in firing
at the brick wall from whence our fire issued,
under the impression that it was a line of
British Infantry The loop holes are still in
the wall and although the top of the wall has
been repaired it is materially in the same con
dition in which it was on the day of the battl

A considerable part of the Château, as is w
known was burned by the French shells T
Chapel still remains in which, I am sorry
say half a dozen Arrys were howling
entering the gate, I walked at once into
orchard, and climbing over the low wall, w
rates the little kitchen garden from

orchard, I found that the whole space of the kitchen garden which, when I formerly saw it, was in an utterly neglected condition, was covered with vegetables. The stone which I saw there on my two previous visits, placed on Captain Thomas Craufurd's grave, was gone. I remember perfectly that there was an inscription on it, stating his name, and that he had fallen on that spot. I could see no trace of the stone: it has been removed, I am quite certain without the knowledge of the proprietor, in order to make room for a few more beans.

As regards the heavy doors, formerly under a brick arch which has fallen down, in the rear of the buildings of Hougomont, which were closed by Sir James Macdonnell, and Sergeant Graham, it is well known that the Duke handed the legacy bequeathed to the bravest man in the British Army to Sir James Macdonnell, as having shown the most useful courage that the Duke could think of. Sir James Macdonnell insisted upon sharing it with Sergeant Graham: and I am glad to have been able to ascertain his name. He was a sergeant of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards. His name has lately been published as Fraser: but, I believe, in error.

The younger brother of Captain Thomas Craufurd of Kilbirnie, whom I have mentioned as having been killed at Hougomont, was extra A.D.C. to Sir William Ponsonby unfortunately killed while endeavouring to restrain the charge of the well-known Union Brigade.

The British Cavalry on that day performed deeds of valour, and prowess that will for ever live in history; but their horses were fresh:

d the men were eager for the fray. Entirely nexhausted by a previous campaign they had ut one idea, to ride to the front and annihi ate the French army. This unhappily in several nstances led to the almost entire destruction of these fine Regiments.

It was the Duke's wish to keep his Cavalry well in reserve. He knew that the Infantry would, as they did, withstand the shock of the French attacks, and certain as he was that sooner or later an opportunity would be given him to advance it was his hope that a strong, fresh body of cavalry would quicken the departure of the French.

Passing from Hougomont across the fields in a state of wonderful fertility, I examined the outside of the farm of 'La Haye Sainte.'

The inevitable 'aliquid amari aliquid' seems to have arisen in the Duke's mind as regards this fortress. Numerous as are the descriptions of this block of buildings, and simple as was the matter, errors have been made.

The cause of its capture by the French in the afternoon has been attributed to the absence of an opening in the wall on the north side of the enclosure. This wall is not above one hundred and fifty yards from the front of the British line, and, looking at a plan or map, it seems incredible that it could not be reached. Some accounts state that there is a small doo in the rear of the building, others relating tha there is not. The fact is this, in addition t the principal entrance, which opens on to th road towards Genappes, there is a small do towards the rear of the building, but it is

the side of the rear, or rather at the rear of the east side: and opens, like the large one, on to the road. This road was swept by the French guns: and it was absolutely impossible to reach it from the British line. Had there been an opening in the wall, immediately at the rear, the building itself would have covered the approach of a small and determined body of men; but enfiladed as both doors were, no one could get near them.

At the same time it surprises me that with the powder contained in the cartridges, the [illegible] Hanoverian corps who defended it so gallantly for many hours, and perished almost to a man, could not blow a hole in the wall at the rear of their little fortress. I heard many years ago that it was not the case that their final surrender was caused by this defect: but that the cartridges, which were carried to them through a desperate fire, were found not to fit their rifles. I suspect that this was really the case: being of a different service, this might well have occurred. The Duke, when asked the question, at first said that the Prince of Orange commanded the Division; and ought to have attended to it: he immediately corrected himself, however, and said "No: it was my fault: but one cannot think of everything". Could generosity go further? A man with his vast responsibility actually blamed himself for a detail: thereby showing, as he did at every opportunity, the noble unselfishness of his nature.

As regards many stories told of things that he did on that day, they bear the semblance of truth. The Duke said that he could not

remember whether he wore a cloak on the 18th He said he did on the 17th for it rained In the afternoon of the 18th, I have this on good authority, he took off his cloak and Sir William de Lancy, who was his Q M General and his most intimate friend in order not to put the Duke to inconvenience dismounted and was fastening the Duke's cloak to the front of his own saddle when he was struck down he most unfortunately gave orders to those who were carrying him from the field to leave him there, and to go back and fight He was found alive the next morning and his life might possibly have been saved under other circumstances He died some days later in Brussels

It is related of the Duke that on one occasion when the French were advancing he entered a Square chatted quietly with the Commanding Officer, and said Oh it will be all right if the Prussians come up in time we shall have a long peace

The fine, stiff necked Colonel, mounted in the centre of Mrs Butler's spirited picture of 'A Square at Quatre Bras' is I should say, taken from a portrait which I have, of Cameron of Lochiel, not of course of his Regiment. His neatly arranged wig and whiskers are utterl different from the conventional idea of a wil Highlander

It would far exceed the limits of this volum to go into the various questions of the Duk strategy, and tactics A great deal of nonsen has been talked, and written on the subje

People who are in the habit of speaking without thinking, or who are incapable of thought, have said that if the Prussians had not come up the British Army must have been annihilated. More perfect nonsense never was uttered.

Had the Duke not known that the Prussian Army was where it was he would never have fought the battle. Every movement that he made was in accord with the fact that the Prussians were near him. Napoleon said "La guerre est une affaire de jambes autant que de courage." had it not been for the overwhelming deluge of rain which fell on the previous day and night, the whole Prussian force would have been on the flank of the French at four o'clock in the afternoon, or soon after.

To anyone who will take the trouble to spend half an hour in examining the map, to say nothing of the easy method of walking over the field itself, it is perfectly clear that the Duke had arranged matters with the perfection of wisdom. No human being could tell the secret, which was in Napoleon's breast alone, as to how he would advance from his own country into Belgium. The probabilities were that he would come by Mons, and Hal. That seemed to give him the best opportunity of reaching Brussels, which was his *political* object. Wishing, above all to convince the French people that he was still invincible, he desired to obtain possession of the Belgian Capital.

This was his first object, thinking thereby that the people of France would again allow levies to be raised and that he might be able to carry on a desperate, and possibly successful

that the centre of the knuckles represents Brussels, the forefinger to represent the road from Namur, the central finger from Charleroi, the third finger from Mons.

The Duke posted troops on each of these roads, say at the first joint from the point of each finger

So soon as it was known that Napoleon was advancing from Charleroi that is by the central finger, the British and Prussian armies were so far as possible brought together at the first joint of that finger Quatre Bras, and Ligny were there fought on the 16th of June In consequence of the Prussian army being driven back, it became necessary for the British army, in order to effect a junction with them, to retire to the plain of Waterloo, that is, the second joint of the central finger There the Battle was fought on the 18th

Among other absurd questions this has been asked "What would have happened if the Prussians had not come up? The reply to this is very simple The Battle would *not* have been fought The Duke arranged everything with the Commander in Chief of the Prussian Army, Marshal Blucher, he had surveyed the country the year before, and had made memoranda showing where the Battle must be fought. It was absolutely certain that the Prussian army must, sooner or later, join his own. The Duke had asked Marshal Blucher for one Division of 25,000 men Blucher promised this
his word Blucher also promised, w
Duke suggesting it, that the whole

should join the Duke's, and attack the French right flank as early as possible. Bulow's Division arrived between three and four, according to promise; and *also according promise*, Marshal Blucher joined with his main *army* so soon as the desperate condition *of the roads* from rain permitted.

It has been said that the *detachment of a corps d'armée to the west*, which took *no* part in the battle, was faulty; that this corps d'armée was useless. It is surprising how much ignorance, or malignity can be shown. I consider that the corps d'armée detached to the west answered three distinct purposes. The First, that it blocked the road from Mons, by which it might reasonably be supposed Napoleon would attempt to advance upon Brussels. In fact, on the night of the *17th Napoleon* detached 2,000 cavalry on this very road. They found their path stopped; and returned to the main army. The *Second object of the position of the corps d'armée* was *to intercept the French*: had they been driven back by the Prussians under circumstances which would have prevented the British Army from attacking them at the same moment. Had the French right front, which fought 'en potence', that is to say, thrown back, and which became their front towards the Prussians, been compelled to retreat, the western corps d'armée would have prevented their escape: and they would have found themselves placed between two fires; a hopeless position. *The Third great object of the detachment of the corps d'armée to the west, was to enable the Duke to pass in that direction*, had he been unable to defeat

the French, this detached corps d'armee pro tecting his left flank. The Duke's best troops were landing daily on the west coast. These appear to me to be the reasons simply expressed, for the Duke acting as he did.

In the Duke's official account of the battle dated "Waterloo, June 19 1815," the last paragraph but one is as follows: "The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one, and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the Enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, *and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if he should unfortunately have succeeded*." These last words should be learned by heart. They explain the situation with absolute clearness.

Orders were sent to clear the bridge at Genappes at five o'clock in the afternoon of Waterloo. I have lately heard that a very distinguished French soldier, with good means of knowing the facts, has stated that Napoleon knew that he was defeated at three o'clock, in fact the failure of his first attack of Horse, Foot and Artillery must have shown him the extreme difficulty of penetrating the British position.

When Napoleon was told that the advancing Prussians were Grouchy coming up at last, he looked through his opera glass, and said "No, no, black is black, and blue is blue, those are Prussians."

The greatest men have probably owed their ultimate success to promotion in early life. Julius Cæsar was the nephew of Marius: Napoleon married a friend of Barras: the Duke of Wellington was Lord Wellesley's brother.

What must have been the Duke's feelings of honest triumph when Lord Grey who, after the failure at Burgos, had denounced him in unmeasured terms, declared in a speech in the Duke's presence, in the House of Lords, that in his, Lord Grey's, opinion the Duke's character transcended that of every ancient, and modern hero.

The Cardinal de Retz declared that the great Marquess of Montrose was the only man who equalled the Pagan Heroes: having the ideal virtues of Classic Times. What would he have said of Wellington?

Among the incidents of Waterloo, it is startling to find that Bulow's Division, whose advent first alarmed Napoleon, might have completely failed but for the judgment of a single Belgian peasant. On leaving the woods of Frischermont, to the right of the French army, two roads diverge. The man who guided the Column hesitated: and for a few minutes considered which path he should take. He chose the left one: saying "Now we shall take them all". Had he led by the other, the Prussian Division would have found it impassable by their Artillery. The rain of the previous night had rendered the ground extremely heavy: and in fact a mistake might have changed the destiny of Europe.

I should have thought that every inch of ground in the neighbourhood of Waterloo would have been surveyed, for it is well known that the Duke reconnoitred the position the previous year, and had previously determined where the fight would be for the protection of Belgium

Two men have not been done justice to in the history of the campaign Grouchy and Thielman Napoleon, who invariably blamed everybody but himself, insisted that Grouchy was a traitor, and was paid A more absurd *fabrication never came even from his lips*, who as the Duke said, 'never tripped into Truth

would otherwise have done The more the matter is looked into, the more clearly will this appear Thielman held Grouchy's Division in what might be called a 'movable vice, the whole day and Grouchy could do nothing more than he did

I have never understood why the Officer Commanding in Chief the Cavalry should not ride with the Commander in Chief, as does the General Officer commanding the Royal Artillery I should have thought that such *a system* would be infinitely better than for the Commander in Chief, who is generally an Infantry Officer, to send messages, which *may or may not be understood*, as at *Balaclava*, to the Officer Commanding the Cavalry

I have spoken of a conversation between Napoleon I and Count Flahault, who was his com-

panion in his flight from Waterloo to Charleroi. Count Flahault, who was on terms of personal intimacy with the Emperor, and his family, said to him "Is not your Majesty surprised?". Napoleon replied "No: it has been the same thing since Crecy"; throwing, as was his wont, the blame upon the brave soldiers who had died for him by thousands on that day.

A common friend asked me if he might inquire as to this fact from Count Flahault, when he was French Ambassador in London. I gave him permission to *do so*; and he reported to me subsequently that Count Flahault had said that it was true, word for word.

Napoleon's conduct towards Marshal Ney, his constant companion at arms, and, as Napoleon himself called him, 'the bravest of the brave', was *atrocious*. Not only had Ney risked his life over and over again at Waterloo: not only had he headed the last desperate charge of the Old Guard, fighting, after his horse had been killed, on foot, and still holding his ground at the head of the Column, which received *twenty-nine rounds of grape and canister-shot*, at *fifty yards* distance, before it began to yield: not only had he with difficulty, weary, and foot-sore, in the crowd of fugitives, scarcely survived the battle; but he had made for Napoleon a sacrifice greater than all this.

What was his reward? The Emperor lost not a moment in turning upon him; and endeavouring to throw the blame for the destruction of the French Army upon his ablest Lieutenant.

Contrast this conduct with that of Napoleon III at Sedan.

Nothing would have been easier for the defeated

Emperor than to have thrown the blame of such an overwhelming disaster upon his Generals, MacMahon or Wimpfen he knew that the future of his Dynasty would be probably fatally affected by the admission that the responsibility of surrender rested upon him He made no attempt to put the blame on other shoulders he himself sent his personal aide de camp to hoist the flag of surrender on the citadel of Sedan Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Napoleon III, he knew the meaning of the word Gentleman

No man in his army was so much exposed during the battle as the Duke himself H rode along the top of the ridge, now demolished which sheltered his troops in some measure from the fire of the French Artillery This was done not in the slightest degree for theatrical display but because, after carefully balancing in his mind the advantages, and disadvantages he determined that it was better for him to do so He felt that everything depended upon himself and that the loss of his life might be the loss of his Army On the other hand, he knew that he had to deal with troops, not, with a few exceptions, veterans but chiefly boys, for they were hardly more many of whom had never been engaged, and who had had no opportunity of seeing him win a battle He felt that his first object must be to inspire confidence in his soldiers His calmness of demeanour, his methodical way of dealing with the various Regiments during the day, all of which was visible to his men, gave them unbounded confidence in the success of his orders

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Not only did he feel this; but he also felt that he would show to the brave men who fought under him, that however great were their risks, however much he exacted from their courage, and their endurance, he exacted the same qualities, and conduct from himself. All that they risked he risked; at any moment their lives might have been sacrificed; so might his at any moment. There was *not one, from* the Chief of his Staff to the last joined recruit, who did not know, and who did *not* see the self-sacrifice of this great man. Not a private in the ranks but felt during that tremendous conflict that the Duke of Wellington, the man of Wealth, *Rank, and* Success, with the World at his feet, was jeopardizing his life to at least the same degree as the poor outcast, who had become a soldier from starvation.

There must, however, have been a deeper feeling in Wellington's breast.

Those who have obtained extraordinary, and almost inordinate influence over mankind mainly by Military Genius have persuaded themselves that they were the instruments of the Almighty. We can hardly be surprised that Mahomet did so; and Attila called himself 'The Scourge of God.'

A Thought, the converse of this, must *have* visited the Duke. He knew that in those Belgian meadows he was fighting the true, honest cause of Civilization, and of Freedom. He had known his own long, and successful career. He knew that those opposed to him were fighting bravely for a man whom Honesty, and Honour had ceased to respect; and he felt, I can have no

doubt that the battle would be his. Anxiety may have crossed his mind in the long delay *of the arrival of his faithful allies, but he never* doubted the result of the day and he must have felt during the Greatest Battle that the World has ever known, that it was *his* guiding spirit that would give Europe half a century *of peace*

Well might he say, with unaffected Piety, THE FINGER OF PROVIDENCE WAS UPON ME.

THE BALL

There was a sound of Revelry by night;
And Belgium's Capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again;
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But Hush! Hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No: 'twas but the wind;
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let Joy be unconfined:
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet:
But, Hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more;
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is; it is; the Cannon's opening Roar!

Within a windowed niche of that High Hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the Festival;
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear:
And when they smiled, because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier;
And roused the Vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then, and there, was hurrying to and fro;
And gathering tears; and tremblings of distress;
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings; such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes;
Since upon Night so sweet such awful Morn could rise?

THE BALL

nd there was mounting in hot haste the Steed,
he mustering Squadron and the clattering car,
ent pouring forward with impetuous speed,
and swiftly forming in the ranks of War,
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Loused up the soldier ere the Morning Star
While throng'd the Citizens with Terror dumb
Or whispering with white lips The Foe They come!
they come!

And Wild and High the Cameron's Gathering rose!
The War note of Lochiel which Albyn's hills
Have heard and heard too have her Saxon foes
How in the noon of night that Pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years
And Evan's Donald's fame rings in each Clansman's ear!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops as they pass,
Grieving if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave Alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them but above shall grow
In its next verdure when this fiery mass
Of living Valour rolling on the Foe
And burning with high Hope, shall moulder cold, and low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The Midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The Morn the marshalling in arms, the Day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover heap'd, and pent,
Rider and horse friend foe, in one red burial blent!

In the spring of 1884, Colonel Montag[…]
formerly commanding the 4th Hussars, ask[…]
me, at the Carlton Club, whether I could g[…]

Captain Thomas Craufurd of the Third Guards was the only Officer killed in the kitchen garden of *Gomont*

"Yours very truly,
'William Fraser

'Lt Col Montague

I subsequently saw Lady de Ros, and had a very interesting conversation with her on the subject She was so good as to give me the list of those invited to the Ball, which I append She gave me many particulars as regards what happened at the ball, the dancing continuing all night after the departure of the Officers, not by the ladies of the house, but by other young ladies in a more or less heartless way Lady de Ros informed me that when she and the late Lord de Ros had endeavoured to find the place some years ago (it appears it was in 1868) they completely failed that they were informed that not only the house, but *the street*, in fact the whole 'quartier had been demolished, and that the quest of the ball room was perfectly hopeless Lady de Ros produced a plan on a large scale but as she told me that the Duke of Richmond's house no longer existed I scarcely glanced at it, and retain no impression whatever of what it was like Colonel Montague, I may mention had on two occasions done his utmost to find the ball room, but he, like Lady de Ros, had failed, and for the same reason they both accepted as true what they were told Lady de Ros told me that the Ball was in a long narrow room, that had at one time been a coachmaker's depot and was used occasionally by her sisters and herself, as a play room

Hon. Col. Stanhope (Guards).
Hon. Col. Abercromby (Guards; wounded).
Hon Col. Ponsonby, afterwards Sir Frederick Ponsonby, K.C.B. (severely wounded).
Hon Col. Acheson (Guards).
Hon. Col. Stewart.
Hon. Mr O. Bridgeman, A.D.C. to Lord Hill.
Hon. Mr Percival.
Hon. Mr Stopford.
Hon. Mr John Gordon.
Hon. Mr Edgecombe.
Hon. Mr Seymour Bathurst, A.D.C. to Gen. Maitland.
Hon. Mr Forbes.
Hon. Mr Hastings Forbes.
Hon. Major Dawson.
Hon. Mr Dawson, 18th Light Dragoons.
Maj.-Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian (commanded a Brigade of Cavalry).
Mr Horace Seymour, A D C. (afterwards Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.B.).
Col. Hervey, A.D.C. (afterwards Sir Felton Hervey, Bart.).
Col. Fremantle, A D C.
Lord George Lennox, A.D.C
Lord Arthur Hill, A D.C. (afterwards Gen. Lord Sandys).
Hon Major Percy, A.D.C (son of 1st Earl of Beverley. He brought home three Eagles and dispatches).
Hon. Mr Cathcart, A.D.C. (afterwards Sir George Cathcart; killed at Inkerman, 1854).
Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, A D.C. (died of his wounds at Waterloo)
Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B , A D.C
Sir John Byng, G.C B. (created Earl of Stafford; commanded 2nd Brigade of Guards).
Lt.-Gen. Sir John Elley, K C.B.
Sir George Scovell, K.C.B. (Major commanding Staff Corps of Cavalry).
Sir George Wood, Col. R.A.
Sir Henry Bradford.
Sir Robert Hill, Kt. } (Brothers of Lord Hill.)
Sir Noel Hill, K.C.B. }
Sir William Ponsonby, K C.B. (brother of Lord Ponsonby; commanded a brigade of Cavalry; killed at Waterloo).
Sir Andrew Barnard (afterwards Governor of Chelsea Hospital)
Sir Denis Pack, Maj.-Gen., G.C.B. (commanded a Brigade).

Capt. Gore, A.D.C. to Sir James Kempt.
Capt. Pakenham, R.A.
Capt. Dumaresq, A.D.C. to Gen. Sir John Byng (died of wounds).
Capt. Dawkins, A.D.C.
Capt. Disbrowe, A.D.C. to Gen. Sir G. Cook.
Capt. Bowles, Coldstream Guards (afterwards Gen Sir George Bowles, Lieutenant of the Tower).
Capt. Hesketh, Grenadier Guards.
Capt. Gurwood (afterwards Col. Gurwood).
Capt. Allix, Grenadier Guards.
Mr Russel, A.D.C.
Mr Brooke, 12th Dragoon Guards.
Mr Huntley, 12th Dragoon Guards.
Mr Lionel Hervey (in diplomacy).
Mr Leigh.
Mr Shakespear, 18th.
Mr O'Grady, 7th Hussars (afterwards Lord Guillamore).
Mr Smith, 95th, Brigadier-Major to Sir Denis Packe (killed at Waterloo).
Mr Fludyer, Scots Fusilier Guards.
2 Mr Montagus (John, and Henry, late Lord Rokeby, G.C.B.)
Mr A. Greville.
Mr Baird.
Mr Robinson, 32nd.
Mr James.
Mr Chad.
Mr Dawkins.
Dr Hyde.
Mr Hume.
Rev. Mr Brixall.

On my return to Brussels from Waterloo last August I visited the old Cemetery; in a neglected corner of which were buried the bodies of the Officers who died in Brussels from wounds received in the Battles of the 15th, 16th, and 17th of June. Some of the graves are empty; the bodies having been removed to England. Over a few the stones still remain: the only name that I could recognize as being distinguished was that of Sir William de Lancy,

the Deputy Quartermaster General whose death while speaking to the Duke I have described

I subsequently paid a visit to Count ——, a Belgian nobleman, well known in the world of Art

I told the Count that I was very anxious to find, if possible, the scene of the famous ball. I mentioned to him that in Cotton's *Voice from Waterloo* it is stated that the Duke of Richmond's house was in the Rue des Cendres whereas a lady, who had been present at the ball more than once told me that it was in the Rue de la Blanchisserie.

The Count said "That may well be, for the Rue des Cendres and the Rue de la Blanchisserie are back to back. This first gave me hope. I went straight from his house to the Rue de la Blanchisserie and examined the first section of it, if I may use the term, very carefully. I could find no house that answered the description in any way whatever. I then walked up the Rue des Cendres to the left. On my right hand I noticed a vast Hospital, with an extensive dead wall. A gentleman standing in his doorway answered my questions by telling me that the Duke of Richmond's house had been *absorbed*, and made part of this large Hospital. I rang the bell, and was immediately admitted by one of the Nursing Sisters of the Order of St Augustin. I at once asked her if she would point out to me the Duke of Richmond's house, or, at least, what remained of it. Passing from the 'porte cochère', in which we were standing, she at once pointed to a house on the left, which

she said was the Duke of Richmond's house. Adding "It is now, as you see, part of the Hospital; I cannot allow you to enter; for it is the abode of the Nursing Sisters."

The windows were wide open, the weather being very hot; and I could distinctly examine the rooms from outside. The ceilings were ornamental, in the Renaissance style; the central ornament of one had been painted black, and the other was still gilded: it was obvious that the rooms had not been built for the purposes of a Hospital; they had evidently been the dwelling-rooms of a family of good position. Between the rooms were *steps leading into the court-yard, or old garden, in which we were standing.* My first impulse naturally was to examine the rooms so carefully and accurately as I could; *hoping that one of them might be the famous ball-room:* but neither of them was nearly large enough. They were the ordinary sitting-rooms of a family; and *neither of them could have held the two hundred and twenty persons,* which was the number of guests according to the list given to me by Lady de Ros. I looked round the yard, which I have named; and was leaving the premises in despair. I said to the Nursing Sister "Would you allow me to go back by myself, and think for a few minutes?". I felt that being so near the quest, and not to find it, was provoking. I stood in the yard; and carefully examined the adjacent buildings. In the plan which I reproduce, a facsimile of that lately published by Lady de Ros, none of the buildings adjacent to the Duke of Richmond's house are given. The whole of the buildings

of the Rue de la Blanchisserie are omitted; it is the ground floor of the Duke's house only and no more represents the locality than the ground plan of Lord Sefton's house would represent Belgrave Square. I at length noticed behind me a lofty wall and over the top of this I observed a gabled roof. I had no idea that the Rue de la Blanchisserie did not terminate at the Rue des Cendres; but on asking the Nursing Sister what that building was behind the lofty wall of separation she at once said "That is the great Brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie." I replied "But surely the Rue de la B. stops below?" "No," she said, "it continues." My hopes were raised.

I walked down the Rue des Cendres, turned to the left, into the continuation of the Rue de la Blanchisserie, which is obviously an old street, much older than the Rue des Cendres, and rang the bell at number 40. I was admitted, and what took place will be found in my letter to *The Times*, p. 226.

I measured the room by paces, and may have slightly overstated its length, and diminished ts height. There were doors at either end, which had at one time communicated with the ourt yard of the Duke of Richmond's house is clear that the lofty wall, separating the ospital yard from the granary, was built long ter the latter: it blocks the lights completely that side. Returning to my hotel, and believing at the one person in the world who would be st delighted at the discovery, was Lady de Ros, ough the weather was very hot, and Brussels ing, I wrote her a letter, sketching briefly what

I had found; not asking a single question; for I had no more doubt at that time than I have now that this was the room in which the Ball was given; but mentioning particulars which I thought would interest her. I wrote to no one else. I was delighted to think that I should please Lady de Ros; and this feeling I expressed in the strongest terms. A day or two afterwards I wrote to Colonel Montague to the same effect: leaving Brussels, and travelling leisurely into Germany, I wrote from Homburg my first letter addressed to the Editor of *The Times.* On the same day on which I saw *The Times containing my letter, I received a note* from Lady de Ros, who had read it.

Before leaving Homburg Sir Albert Rollit, and the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, separately volunteered the information which, at different times, they had received from Lord William Lennox.

My letter appeared in *The Times* of August 25.

THE WATERLOO BALL.

To the Editor of *The Times.*

Sir, The following particulars relating to a frequently disputed question may interest your readers. A few days ago I visited the field of Waterloo. The only alteration observable is the improved condition of the farm-houses, historically famous, of Gomont popularly known as Hougoumont; and of 'La Haye Sainte'. I regretted to find, in the former, that the monu-

mental stone placed on the spot where Captain Thomas Craufurd of the 3rd Guards, fell had disappeared. I hope that it may be replaced.

On the road between La Belle Alliance and Genappe I was courteously permitted to see the room in which Napoleon slept the night before Waterloo, the tables upon which he spread his maps on the morning of the 18th of June, and the spot in the garden from which he had his first view of the Field of Battle.

At Genappe I saw the ground on which the 1st Life Guards successfully charged the French Lancers, on the 17th of June, and a few miles further on the field of Quatre Bras, the scene of almost, if not quite, the sharpest fight of the British Army, appeared picturesque in the light of a setting sun. A monument is, I am glad to say, soon to be placed on the spot, close to the Nivelles road, where the heroic Duke of Brunswick fell as his father fell, at the head of his devoted corps.

One pathetic incident of this battle has es-aped the notice of Poets and Painters. I can member my father saying that on the evening Quatre Bras he noticed many Officers lying ad in the silk stockings and buckled shoes uch they had worn at the Duchess of Rich-nd's ball on the previous night, their ser-nts having joined the column earlier making mpossible for them to change their full dress orms.

n returning to Brussels I determined to if possible the scene of the Ball given by Duchess of Richmond, the evening before re Bras.

Endless have been the discussions, angry the quarrels relating to the locality of this ball. Brussels during that brief, but momentous Campaign has been described by the mighty spirits of the century. Byron, Thackeray, and Scott were inspired in the highest degree by the circumstances of that time. *Childe Harold*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk* will live as Classics of the English language. The discovery of the scene immortalized by these writers seemed to me worthy of the effort.

I am glad to say that I succeeded.

Some time before leaving England I conversed with a lady who danced with my father at the ball [this is doubtful], and who has, as you will see from her name, which I enclose, the best means of knowing where it took place. This lady, giving me at the same time a list of those who were invited, told me that Lord Byron's allusion to 'that high hall' was 'nonsense'. She added that the ball took place, not in the Duke of Richmond's house, but in a coachmaker's depôt, a low-roofed room, at the rear of it; the street being named Rue de la Blanchisserie. I made many inquiries in England, and in Brussels. No one knew anything of the place; but all agreed that the scene of the ball had been frequently sought without success; and that it no longer existed.

I at last ascertained that the site of the Duke of Richmond's house was now covered by a large Hospital in the Rue des Cendres. I visited the Hospital, and one of the Nursing Sisters politely pointed out a wing which had

formed part of the Duke's house. I examined the garden behind this wing; neither in this nor in the building itself was there any trace of a ballroom. I observed above the wall of the Hospital the roof of a high building, and inquired what it was; the sister replied that it was the Brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie. I walked round to this street, and was informed by the proprietor of the brewery that he knew nothing on the subject. After some conversation I asked if he could tell me of whom his father purchased the property. He replied of a coachbuilder named Van Asch. I inquired if the coachbuilder had a depot. Yes, a very large one; it is now my granary. He then took me to the first floor (entresol) and I found myself in the room the remembrance of which will live so long in the English language. It is 120 ft long, 4 ft broad and about 13 ft high, the floor smooth enough to be danced on to-night. This room answers precisely to the description given to me; it is immediately in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house; it is in the street named; it belonged in 1815 to a coachbuilder; and it is capable of holding at least 400 persons.

I do not think that further proof can be required. I have the permission of the proprietor to give his name: V. Vanginderachter, Brasseur, Rue de la Blanchisserie, 40 et 42. He most courteously added that he would be glad to show the room to visitors.

Your obedient servant,

Homburg

WILLIAM FRASER

The following Leading Article appeared in *The Morning Post* on the 27th of August, 1888.

THERE is, probably, no merely Social Event in the History of the present century which has become more enshrined in the public memory than the Ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Quatre-Bras; which immediately preceded Waterloo. Romance, and Literature have vied with each other in the endeavour to depict a scene so brilliant in its beginning, so stirring in its development, and so darkened with the shadow of the coming events, which was thrown beforehand on its closing hours. But of the great mass of competitors who have striven to identify their names with the story of this historic night two, and these two appropriately enough Englishmen, have outstripped all others. The verse of Byron, and the prose of Thackeray, have procured for the Brussels ball a place in the classical literature of England which will preserve the recollection of it for all time. Strangely enough, in an age distinguished for relic hunting of every description, the almost universal curiosity to stand 'Within a windowed niche of that high hall' has been invariably baffled by the accident that nobody seemed quite sure where the house occupied by the Duke of Richmond was to be found. The secret has, to all appearances, been finally discovered by Sir William Fraser. A lady, whose competence to relate the facts is absolutely vouched for, still survives as a representative of the 'Beauty, and Chivalry' gathered in Belgium's capital, and by her

ducal hospitalities in language which probably slipped naturally from his pen. Whether the room was thirteen feet high or thirty, it is sacred ground to more people even than the large class who rejoice to sit in the favourite tavern seats of Johnson, or walk up the steps of some house where one of Dickens's fictional characters is represented as living.

For the granary in the Rue de la Blanchisserie has a great advantage over the famous places of Fiction which can be claimed only by the few spots where truths which are even more strange have been enacted. At least half that brilliant assembly must have trembled for what the morrow would bring forth; while for the Duke of Wellington, and his officers, the night was one of intense anxiety and of high-strung anticipation of the possible fate of Europe. Many ridiculous stories were current at the time, and are credited even now, of the circumstances under which Wellington first discovered the rapid and decisive movements of his great antagonist. The real facts, however, were soon afterwards made clear in a history of Napoleon, which was published for the *Family Library*. Wellington had been informed by his scouts of the French advance before the ball began; and at first it was decided to countermand the permission to attend it. Motives of policy, however, decided the Commander-in-Chief to keep his information to himself. The inhabitants of Brussels were trembling for the fate of themselves, and their beautiful city; and even throughout the eventful days which followed readily believed every rumour to the effect that the British troops were cut to

Byron's contemporary critics, 'that any verses in our language surpass in Vigour, and in Feeling this most beautiful description'. This verdict has, we believe, been fully endorsed by posterity; which recognizes in the lines of Byron just that aid which the art of the Poet could lend to the march of facts at once so stately and so terrible. The courteous proprietor of the 'long, low-roofed room', who has declared his willingness to throw it open for public inspection, is likely to find the number of his visitors truly considerable. The placid fields of Waterloo afford very little evidence to the pilgrims of history of the dire event which has made them Immortal. The land of waving corn, and 'reckless birds' is suggestive now, as it was to Byron, principally of 'what it cannot bring'. But in the old granary of the Rue de la Blanchisserie the lovers of the scenes which have become historic may well feel that the echoes of the past have become audible once more.

On the same day *The Daily Telegraph* commented on my letter as follows:

'Everything' says the proverb, 'comes to those who know how to wait'; although the sage monition was once met by a scoffer with the irreverent rejoinder that the things most earnestly desiderated were often so late in coming that life was not long enough to wait for their advent. Historical students, however, if they be worthy of the task which they have set themselves, are bound to be of a more patient temperament: and they may account it a comparatively trifling matter if they have only had to wait some three-

of the ball had often been sought for; though without success.

At length the researches of Sir William Fraser have been rewarded. During his recent visit he ascertained that the site of the Duke of Richmond's temporary domicile at Brussels was now covered by a large Hospital in the Rue des Cendres; one of the wings of which is the original fabric; but neither here, nor in the garden beyond, was there any trace of a ball-room. The indefatigable Baronet, determined not to be baffled, pursued his investigations until he observed, beyond the hospital wall, the roof of a high building, which he was informed was the brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie. He walked round to the 'brasserie' in question; but the proprietor could tell him nothing about any terpsichorean doings there in the year 1815. His father, he said, had purchased the property of a coach-builder named Van Asch, and his depôt for carriages was now his, the brewer's, granary. This room he courteously offered to show to his visitor; who was conducted to an apartment a hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-four feet broad, and about thirteen feet high, the floor being quite smooth enough, even after this long lapse of time, to be danced upon. On the night of the 15th of June, 1815, the 'parquet' was, in all probability, chalked in a symmetrical and particoloured pattern. Certainly a saloon the altitude of which did not exceed that of two ordinarily strapping Life Guardsmen could not with technical precision be called a 'high hall'; but the Poet is King; and may consider himself to be as much above a mere question of inches

as the German Emperor [illegible] above grammar. It would, however, have been some slight consolation to the [illegible] had Sir William Fraser only been [illegible] tell us whether in his low-roofed [illegible] depot there was anything in the [illegible] 'windowed niche' [illegible] of 'Brunswick's fated chieftain' [illegible] did not, as Sir William Fraser [illegible] precisely fall as his father fell. [illegible] of Brunswick whose [illegible] led to the murder of Louis XVI [illegible] horrors of the French Revolution [illegible] at the Battle of Jena. He was badly wounded there, but died at [illegible] In any case, Sir William Fraser seems to have conclusively made out his contention that the 'Waterloo Ball' was held in the [illegible] of the coachbuilder Van Asse [illegible] of the 'brasserie' [illegible] Rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels, and [illegible] are indebted to the Baronet for a [illegible] and vainly-sought-for piece of information. [illegible] doubt which for so many years [illegible] the question is [illegible] prehensible. The coachbuilder's [illegible] evidently used as an [illegible] Richmond's house, and [illegible] were some four hundred guests at the ball [illegible] of whom may have been [illegible] their noble host and hostess [illegible] that the majority of the [illegible] their heads for a moment [illegible] but low-roofed, [illegible] of the house of their [illegible]

it belonged to some contiguous premises, of which opportunity had been take, just as the promoters of the tea-party to Messrs Smith O'Brien, and Meagher in 1848, 'by the Shannon Shore', 'took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store'. It was enough for the guests at the Duchess's ball that 'there was a sound of revelry by night', that 'the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men', that 'a thousand hearts beat happily', and that 'all went merry as a marriage bell', when a sound arose which was not that of the wind nor of the car rattling o'er the stony street, but 'the cannon's opening roar'. It does not in the least detract from the melody, and majesty of Byron's stanzas, of which Walter Scott wrote 'I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass in vigour and in feeling this most beautiful description'—an opinion amply confirmed by Jeffrey, who declares that 'there can be no finer proof of the greatness of Byron's genius than the spirit and interest which he has contrived to communicate to his picture of the often-drawn and difficult scene of the breaking up from Brussels before the great battle'—that early in the afternoon of the 15th a memorandum from the Quartermaster-General's Department had warned the Commanding Officers of Regiments of the First Division to collect that night at Ath, and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice; and that at ten in the evening, when the ball had probably begun, an 'after order', signed by the Duke of Wellington himself, was issued deciding the immediate march of the troops. It was the Duke's wish, however that all officers of rank should attend the ball,

required. No wonder if the valiant sea-lions who could talk thus placidly of the chances of death, and mutilation were the men of the 1st of June, and Cape St Vincent, of the Nile, and Trafalgar. But in the Waterloo week it rained heavily; and the heroes who laid down their lives on the field of the great battle would have fought more comfortably in breeches and gaiters; or even in those trousers which Wellington had introduced for the use of his troops in the Peninsula; although he himself adhered to buckskins, and hessians. It is still possible that he might have worn kerseymeres, silk continuations, and buckled shoes at the ball in the Rue de la Blanchisserie; but there is one other point touching this memorable festival which, could Sir William Fraser clear it up, would entitle him to a still greater meed of gratitude at the hands of his contemporaries. Napoleon's travelling carriage, captured by the Prussians after Waterloo, and now at Madame Tussaud's, was built at Brussels. Was it built by Van Asch, who seemingly was a leading 'carrossier' of the period? The question is worth asking; for when Byron, after his separation from his wife, started on that which was virtually Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, he purchased at Brussels a travelling carriage which was the exact counterpart of the one made for Napoleon the Great. If Mynheer Van Asch was the maker, the Poet in all probability visited the depôt in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, which only recently had been used as a ballroom; and in that long, low apartment, converted by poetic licence into a 'high hall', he

might have felt the first inspiration for one of the most magnificent of his lyrical achievements

I need not say that, reposing on a chair on the terrace of the Kur Saal of Homburg, I read these articles with complacency reflections on the calm good sense, extensive reading, and judicial capacity of the writers followed and I may have eaten my dinner at the excellent table d hôte of the Hotel Victoria with increased zest on that day but

> What is mortal Happiness in truth?
> The torrent s smoothness ere it dash below!

The very next morning a friend called my attention to a contradiction on the part of Lady de Ros to my carefully drawn conclusion The article did not give the terms used but I fairly assumed that they were the same as *those in Lady de Ros s letter to me* accordingly I wrote the following letter, which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* on the 5th of September

THE WATERLOO BALL

To THE EDITOR OF *The Daily Telegraph*

SIR, I read your article of the 28th ult. with surprise The only note that I have received from Lady de Ros was written after reading my published letter, and is strongly confirmatory of my statement. You will, perhaps, permit me to say, so briefly and so clearly as I can, what has taken place

Two [this should be four] years ago I received from Lady de Ros the facts that the ball given by her father and mother (the Duke and Duchess of Richmond) the night before Quatre-Bras did not take place in their house; but in a coachmaker's depôt adjacent to it; and that this coachmaker's depôt was in the Rue de la Blanchisserie. This statement was given to me, not only verbally; but subsequently in writing. Lady de Ros added that Lord de Ros and herself had tried hard, twenty years earlier, to find the room, and had failed; all those whom they consulted at Brussels having told them that the ball-room no longer existed. The house having disappeared, that the ball-room had gone with it was a natural conclusion. A friend of mine, a Colonel in the army, to whom I gave the facts, tried hard to find the room. He wrote to me from Brussels; and said that his inquiries were met with the invariable reply, 'Ah, Monsieur, cela n'existe plus.'

Having six near relations at the ball; and far more on public grounds; being at Brussels a few weeks ago, I determined to ascertain for myself whether this most memorable spot still remained. Of this I have now not the slightest doubt. I, like Lady de Ros, was told by all of whom I inquired that the ball-room was gone. One old gentleman assured me that the whole quarter had been demolished; and that there was no longer a Rue de la Blanchisserie.

I ascertained that the Duke of Richmond's house in 1815, stood in the Rue des Cendres, on the site of what is now a very large Hospital. I went there, and was admitted

without difficulty The Nursing Sister pointed out to me what remains of the Duke s house, this surviving portion being occupied by the nurses of the hosp tal *I observed through the open windows that the ceilings were ornamental, and such as would not be placed in hospital rooms* In the yard, or neglected garden, between this building and the lofty boundary wall, are a small mortuary chapel, and several nondescript buildings, none of them of any great age After a careful survey of the premises, I observed a lofty building in apparent contact with the boundary wall of the hospital. Asking the Sister what this building was, she replied, the Brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie My hopes were at once raised Leaving the Hospital, I descended the Rue des Cendres, and entered the Rue de la Blanchisserie at a very sharp turn to my left I was at once shown into the office of the proprietor of the brewery He knew nothing of any ball having taken place, and there were certainly no visible signs of a ball room from the outside, nor the inside, of his house After some conversation, in which not the slightest hint was given by me of Lady de Ros s information, I asked the proprietor if he happened to know of whom his father had purchased the premises He replied 'Certainly, of a coachbuilder, named Van Asch' I asked whether this coachbuilder had a dépôt. 'Yes, a very large one, it is now my granary' 'Can you show it to me?' 'With pleasure at this time of year it is, of course, empty' We then ascended about twelve steps *to the entresol*, and I found myself in the long sought room. Imme

diately opposite to the door of entrance are windows, of which the light has been almost completely blocked by the wall of the hospital yard which I had just left. I may say here that neither the Duke of Brunswick, nor any other guest, could have sat in a niche; for, although the windows are numerous, and deeply sunk in the wall, the lower edge of each recess is 5 ft. from the floor. On returning to my hotel I at once wrote a letter to Lady de Ros. I asked no questions in it, for I required no further confirmation. My motive in writing was that I thought that Lady de Ros would be, of all people, the most pleased at the discovery of the room which she and others had sought in vain. I did not receive any reply from her until she had read my published letter addressed to *The Times* from Homburg [as printed above]. In her reply there is not the slightest denial of the essential facts. With the three particulars demurred to, in my opinion unimportant, I will now deal. First, that the room was not in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house. To this I reply that, supposing that the house faced towards the boulevard, I stated that the room was in its rear; but as I have now no doubt that the principal front of the house was towards the Rue des Cendres, this would put the room in its right position, at the side, according to Lady de Ros. The second objection is that the dimensions given by me are larger than those of the ball-room described by her. I should suppose that, from the period when balls were first given, no young lady has ever measured the room in which she danced:

a room full, or half full, of people appears much smaller than when empty The third objection strengthens my case It is that the ball room was on the ground floor, and not on the first floor The level of the Rue de la Blanchisserie is below that of the Rue des Cendres, and, taking the few outside steps of No 40 and the twelve additional steps leading to the ball room, the precise level of the Hospital yard is reached, from this an easy access to the ball room no doubt existed That there should be such a marvellous series of coincidences as I have related seems to have struck Lady de Ros as difficult to account for, she suggests, however, that 'probably the present Rue de la Blanchisserie has been *rebuilt* since then'

To this very improbable theory I have two good answers first, the room is ancient, more than 100 years old it is supported by many strong square wooden posts, they have never been painted The only room that I have ever seen that closely resembled it is the 'Lower School at Eton, immediately beneath 'Long Chamber' It reminded me of this at once The Rue de la Blanchisserie itself, so far from having been recently rebuilt, is an old fashioned, and partially worn out street, that has seen better days.

I may be permitted to say that I am in the habit of weighing evidence, and balancing facts carefully, and I think that most of your readers will come to the same conclusion as myself

No doubt Lord and Lady De Ros, who did not see the room, which certainly existed at the time of their visit, a fact proving that their search was not exhaustive, were convinced by

those who, knowing that the Duke of Richmond's house had been removed, honestly believed that the ball-room had gone with it: in fact Lady de Ros, in her letter to me, says that they accepted the dictum of '*an old inhabitant*'. Old age does not always bring wisdom, and the oldest inhabitant may be as fallible as the youngest.

To prove anything absolutely is difficult.

We have all read, or heard of Archbishop Whateley's *Historic Doubts as to the Existence of Napoleon Bonaparte;* and the inscription which I have read on the monument of Descartes, 'I think; therefore I am', is certainly not logical. I believe, however, that the careful consideration of the above facts will convince those interested in the matter that my conclusion is sound.

Lord Byron, turning aside from the melancholy metaphysics in which he so frequently indulged, astonished the world by his most magnificent *apostrophe;* and penned lines that will always thrill British hearts. The most prominent cause of the doubts as to the locality of the ball arose from the unscrupulous æstheticism of our great painter Turner. Observing a picturesque building, which still exists in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville, he illustrated Byron's description by depicting the ball as taking place in what was once, as it is said, the Duke of Alva's residence.

[I found on returning to England that Finden, the Engraver, had imitated Turner, who was not, in this case, to blame: as regards what follows Turner was guilty.]

In *The Pleasures of Hope* he represents, in a beautiful vignette, the line

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow

not as at Praga, the suburb of Warsaw but *Prague*, the capital of Bohemia

Another good reason for the losing sight of the ball room is that it is and has long been, completely masked by the houses of the Rue de Blanchisserie and by the wall of the Hospital

One incident in relation to Genappe may interest your readers I have in my possession a splendid sword that was taken there by the Prussians from Napoleon's carriage on the evening of Waterloo The history of the sword is I should say, unrivalled It belonged originally to Mourad Bey, the Chief of the Mamelukes it was surrendered by him in the midst of a fierce action in Egypt, to Murat, afterwards King of Naples, and is depicted in a large painting by Gros at Versailles, the sword was given by Murat to Napoleon Bonaparte When the latter met the Directory, on his sudden return from Egypt, not wishing to frighten them, he wore plain clothes, but over them this beautiful sabre, as stated in Ireland's *Life of Napoleon* Intending no doubt, that it should adorn his triumphant entry into Brussels, the Emperor had it in his carriage at Waterloo Prince Blucher presented it soon afterwards to the Duke of Wellington by him it was given to Lord Anglesey who commanded the Cavalry, and by him to my father, his A D C during the Campaign The sword has a repoussé silver gilt scabbard and the blade which is as sharp as when wielded by Mourad Bey, has jewels set in the upper part

You would not thank me for prolonging this letter by a disquisition on the Campaign of Waterloo You may howe[illegible] permit me to

express my surprise that, among the numerous Historians who have written on the subject, none have dwelt sufficiently upon the prudence of the Duke of Wellington in sanctioning, *and probably suggesting*, the Ball. It was of great importance that the inhabitants of Brussels should not know the precise time of the inevitable crisis. The sympathies of many of them were strongly in favour of the French. Had the slightest émeute taken place in Brussels, the news would have been carried, with exaggeration, by Napoleon's spies, of whom the town was full, to the French camp; and would, of course, have given his troops the greatest encouragement. The nonsensical theory that the Duke was surprised has long passed away. He previously marked with his thumb-nail on the Duke of Richmond's map the precise spot on which Waterloo was fought; and he expressed his wish to such Officers as had been invited, not a numerous body, that they should attend the ball.

Unreasoning persons have called the Duke of Wellington a hard man, because he was a firm one. Clear in his views, and unflinching in the execution, of his duty, he showed on numerous occasions that his nature was gentle. Not only did he shed abundant tears when the list of his friends who had fallen in the Great Battle was read to him; but his conduct on the day after was that of one who felt the deepest grief. I know, from one who stood by, what occurred. On the morning after Waterloo some young ladies met him in Brussels; and naturally welcomed him with enthusiastic delight: he had defeated the day before the great conqueror;

and, with inferior forces, he had won as he above all others well knew, a Victory the most decisive in its effects that the World has ever known. The Hero turned away from these congratulations and in a tearful voice replied 'No no it has been bought very dearly, I assure you.'

Your obedient servant

WILLIAM FRASER.

Homburg, Sept 3

The following reply from Lord de Ros appeared in *The Times* of Sept 13

THE WATERLOO BALL

To the Editor of *The Times*

SIR As the statement made by Sir William Fraser regarding the supposed discovery of the room in which the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the 15th of June, 1815, took place has given rise to much correspondence, I desire to state that my mother has distinct recollections connected with this subject. She assures me that the room in which the ball took place was on the ground floor, and that its size does not by any means correspond with the dimensions of the room which Sir William Fraser had discovered, this is further proved by a ground plan of the Duke of Richmond's house in my mother's possession.

When in Brussels in 1868 every possible effort was made by my mother to trace out the house in which the Duke of Richmond lived, without success. I therefore think that the conclusions drawn by Sir William Fraser must be erroneous.

This may appear a trifling matter, but as it may affect future history I venture to send you these few remarks, more particularly as I am anxious to put an end to the annoyance caused to my mother in her 93rd year by the unnecessary amount of correspondence which has been forced upon her in consequence of allusion having been made to her presence at the ball.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, DE ROS.

Old Court, Strangford.

I will only say that there was no allusion in my first letter that pointed to Lady de Ros, if this be the meaning of the expressions used: I most thoughtfully, and carefully worded it so that the public should not know to whom I referred: all that I said might have been given to me by my cousin, Lady D., who, as Miss Craufurd, appears with her father and mother in the list of those present at the Ball. Lady de Ros's personal communication, in her own name, to *The Daily Telegraph,* compelled me to mention her in my reply. In her letter to me Lady de Ros expressed doubts as to whether my allusion was to herself.

The Times containing Lord de Ros's letter reached Interlaken on the evening of the 15th of September. I had *the day before* posted the following:

THE WATERLOO BALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Times.*

SIR, I have to-day read the letter in *The Times* of the 11th inst. The quotations con-

the statement made by me in the letter ...ch you did me the honour to insert on ...gust 25 That statement covers I think ... whole argument on the question. The fact ...ing admitted that I was told by a lady in ...hose father's house the ball was given and ...ho was present herself that it did not take ...lace in the house but in a coachmaker's ...depôt closely adjacent that this coachmaker's depôt was in 1815 in the Rue de la Blanchis... [illegible] that after visiting what [illegible] of the Duke of Richmond's house I should, without any intimation that I was [illegible] for a coachmaker's depôt be shown into one [illegible] on the spot indicated touching the Duke of Richmond's house on one side and [illegible] in the old Rue de la Blanchisserie [illegible] the same name seems to me an [illegible] proof that the ball of June 1[illegible] 1815 [illegible] before Quatre Bras must have been given at No. 40 in the street named and [illegible]

Various places have been shown at different times in Brussels without any [illegible] from the simple purpose of obtaining money from travellers I have within the last few days met two gentlemen not known to each other, Sir Albert Rollit and the Rev. [illegible] Shore who have added their [illegible] Sir Albert Rollit told me that eight or ten years ago he presided at a [illegible] at Hull by Lord William Lennox on [illegible] Albert does not recollect [illegible] the circumstances of the [illegible] lecture, but he perfectly remembers [illegible]

who was, I believe, staying in his house at the time, said that the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, his mother, was not in the Hôtel de Ville, as sometimes shown; but in a room *adjacent* to his father's house.

The Rev. Teignmouth Shore writes to me:

'Some years ago I was going to Brussels; and spoke to my friend Lord William Pitt Lennox as to the ball which his mother had given, and at which he had been present; and inquired could he give me any indication as to where the house was; as I had on other occasions failed to find it. He told me that the house no longer existed; but that in any case the *Ball had not taken place at the residence of the Duchess; but in some sort of an old barn at the back of behind* [printed in error 'or']. This rough-and-ready description seems to correspond with your view; and to confirm its truth.'

In all cases there are persons inclined to doubt and disbelieve, however precise the evidence. In this matter the arguments against the identity of the room have been very feeble. As I stated in my letter to you, the locality has been hunted for during the last fifty years repeatedly; and without success. Had the *investigations been thorough, the room, of which I have written, and have seen, would certainly have been found.* It was not found by those who accepted, without proof, the statement of the inhabitants that the ball-room had gone with the house.

That there should be two Coachmakers' Depôts, each touching the Duke of Richmond's late house, and each situated in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, would be a most marvellous coin-

evidence This, however, is physically impossible for there is not space enough between the Rue des Cendres and the street named for another room capable of holding [illegible] guests about the number invited

The *dancing took place* [illegible] the old fashioned pillared room [illegible] probabilities are that the supper room [illegible] apartments necessary for a ball w[illegible] man-sion itself, with which there wa[illegible]

The ball room has been [illegible] say buried, by the wall *of the* [illegible] side, and by the [illegible] of the [illegible] la Blanch[illegible] on the other [illegible] an old and somewhat worn [illegible] street

The Duke of Wellington [illegible] credulity, which is, I think, a great [illegible] of feeble reasoning power [illegible] used to say that he had read more th[illegible] that he could not [illegible] have been present in person at the battle of Quatre Bras [illegible] 'However, I never found that there [illegible] away the [illegible] men who [illegible] my orders'

[illegible]

[illegible]

Interval [illegible]

The following [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *The Times*

Sir, I have [illegible] the above [illegible] new facts

Since my return to England, a few days ago, I have ascertained that in 1815 no other Coachmaker's Depôt existed in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, except that at No. 40, in which the ball took place. In *Bruxelles à travers les Ages* M. Hyman, the author, states in vol. ii. that the historical ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond in the Rue de la Blanchisserie.

The Rue de la Blanchisserie existed in 1815; it existed in 1868; and it exists now. It is a long, narrow, old street; *it has always borne its present name.*

As regards the plan spoken of, it has never been compared with the room. The plan of a house nearly demolished cannot be of much value; and, as it is admitted that the ball did not take place in the house, it appears to be worthless.

I am glad to hear that there are daily visitors to the scene of the ball.

Your obedient servant,
December 7. WILLIAM FRASER.

On the 8th of December the following article was published by Mr Richard Edgcumbe, whose researches in relation to Lord Byron are well known: I have not the honour of his acquaintance: nor have I had any communication with him, direct, nor indirect.

Shortly after the appearance of Sir William Fraser's very straightforward, and, to my mind, convincing letter, a lady wrote to *The Times,*

and pointed out that *Notes and Queries* 4th S iii 261, [*in the year 1869*] contained a note by Mr C W Bingham which runs as follows

"I had a recent opportunity of inquiring of a person, than whom none was more likely to be informed, and although he could not give me the number of the house he appeared to me to identify it with that in the Rue des Cendres He said it was in a small street near the Jardin Botanique and leading out of the Rue de la Blanchisserie and added that the room in which the ball was given was the *gallery of a late coachbuilder's shop* thus rather destroying the illusion of

The window d niche of that high hall

"In April, 1884, I approached Lady De Ros through the Duke of Richmond with a view to settling *once* and for *ever* two very difficult *Byronic* points I had, of course like every other gaping tourist been shown the 'Salle de Reception' in the Hotel de Ville at Brussels, where, according to those pests, the town guides, I had been assured that the Duke of Brunswick's '*prophetic ear*' had caught the sound of his own doom And yet I was not happy Feeling sure that the *Duchess of Richmond* would not have given a ball in the Hotel de Ville, I determined to apply to a lady who was actually *present on that occasion* On April 9, 1884, Lady De Ros very kindly wrote down the following words, which I shall treasure all my life long

"'The ball given by my [illegible] r the Duchess of Richmond, 15 June, [illegible] place in the

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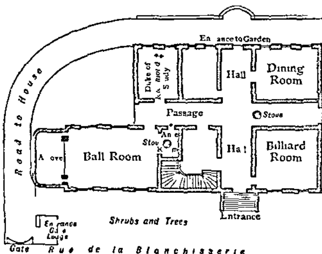
"The ball given by my mother the Duchess of Richmond, 15 June 1815, was in the

I believe that the size which I have put [illegible] carefully considered, be held to be [illegible] held on the ground [illegible] conclusive that the Ball was held in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, [illegible] No. [illegible] Rue de la [illegible] absolutely [illegible]

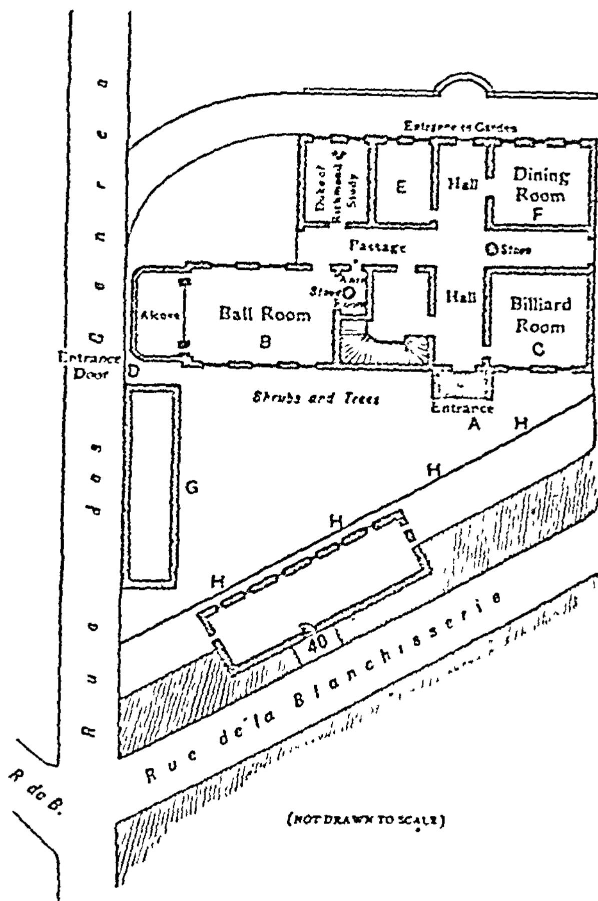
The [illegible] in my opinion be [illegible] witness whom I [illegible]. I have, however, [illegible] that will [illegible] strength- [illegible] as the [illegible] table [illegible] Lady de Ros [illegible]

[illegible] I have [illegible] of the [illegible] reproduced here in absolute [illegible] scale of the plan published by Lady de Ros. I ask the reader rather to take this volume, or, if more convenient, to trace carefully, and exactly, the plan of the ground floor of the Duke of Richmond's house published by Lady de Ros, and reproduced here. Let him desire the driver of his hired carriage to take him to the Rue de la Blanchisserie. Let him ascertain whether the street exists now. Let him observe th[e] length of the street, then let him enter th[e] Hospital in the Rue de Cendres, and plac[e] himself at the point A. Let him observe th[e] stone steps into the house. Let him look in[to] the room on his left, marked B. If not pe[r]mitted to enter, he can judge of the size, [as] I did, from the outside. He will be able [to] form a sound opinion as to whether a roo[m] of the size which he will see, could have h[eld] the 220 persons named, with the musici[ans,] servants, and probably other guests, wh[illegible]

names do not appear Of the rooms beyond, I F, I have no knowledge but these two rooms, B C, I saw distinctly Let the intelligent reader form his own opinion as to whether the room is not an ordinary ornamental, dwelling room of a by no means large house Let him judge for himself whether the room marked in Lady de Ros s plan 'Ball room' answers to her description written to Mr Richard



Edgcumbe on April 9, 1884, p 255 'The warehouse, in which he (the coachmaker) kept his carriages, was converted into a long, narrow room, in which the ball took place or to Lord William Lennox s description of a 'sort of old barn, at the back of behind



Entrance to Garden
Duke of Richmond's Study
E
Hall
Dining Room
F
Passage
Stove
Hall
Billiard Room
C
Alcove
Ball Room
B
Entrance Door
D
Shrubs and Trees
Entrance
A
H
G
40
Rue de la Blanchisserie
Rue des Cendres
R. de B.
(NOT DRAWN TO SCALE)

the volumes 'WELLINGTON' and 'WATERLOO': the reader has the result.

The more deeply, and thoroughly, we examine the Duke's character, the more we admire it.

To those who have the fatal gift of idealization such a character as the Duke of Wellington's offers Repose. For once they find their Ideal exists.

To those who have the sad talent of minute, and perspicuous observation, the Duke's conduct is also satisfactory.

To those, and they are but few, who have the misfortune to possess both these qualities; who 'walk in a region that they find almost uninhabited'; it is a consolation to believe that Human Nature has for once reached such perfection.

This Globe has produced three beings, whose names will only perish when the Earth itself shall be dissolved into its elements; a POET, an ARTIST, and a MAN; of these BRITAIN claims two; ITALY one; SHAKESPEARE the POET; MICHAEL ANGELO the ARTIST: WELLINGTON the MAN.